

From Fraser's Magazine.

MANSFIELD'S PARAGUAY, BRAZIL, AND THE PLATE.*

THE "over-population" theory, so popular at the beginning of this century, has been falling fast into disrepute. That startling dogma of the *science du néant* which used of old so magisterially to inform the human race that it was on the whole a failure, because "the number of human beings had always a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence," is now becoming, not merely questionable, but ludicrous. Started, so wicked wags affirm, by a few old bachelors, who, having no children themselves, bore a grudge against their "recklessly-multiplying" neighbors for having any—it was suspected from the first on moral grounds; and may be now considered as fairly abolished on scientific ones. The moral philosopher answered to it, that it was impossible that the universe could be one grand mistake; human nature a disease; and the Creator of mankind one who—but reverence forbids us to say what we should have a right to say of Him, were that theory a true one. The student of humanity asked, "Is it possible that the family life, which is the appointed method of educating the highest and holiest feelings of man, should be at the same time the normal cause of his final poverty and starvation? Leave such inhuman dreams to monks and faquirs." The scientific agriculturist doubted the truth of the dogma more and more as his science revealed to him that the limit of productiveness, even upon old soils, had been nowhere reached. The sanitary reformer put in as a demurrer the important fact, that under proper arrangements that limit could never be reached; for as each human being (so he asserted) returned to the soil the whole elements of the food which he consumed, saving those which already existed in boundless abundance in the atmosphere, the product-

iveness of the soil ought to increase in exact ratio to the number of human beings concentrated on it. From these broad facts, the advocates of the *science du néant* took refuge in arguments about the cost of production. More skilful farming, more complete sewage, might certainly enable the land to support greater numbers; but not to do so profitably. The increased expense of the processes would interfere with the general rapid production of wealth. Here perhaps they had, on the whole, the best of the argument; and if it were any pleasure to them to prove the impotency of humanity, they must have enjoyed that lofty gratification awhile. One would have thought, certainly, that the business of the philosopher who desired the good of his fellow-creatures, was rather to show them what they could do, than what they could not; to preach progress, rather than "the stationary state," and hope, rather than despair; to bend his mind, like a practical man, to the ascertaining by experiment what could be done towards increasing the sustenance of the peoples, instead of sending forth from his remote study, *idola specūs*, abstract maxims which only strengthened the dogged laziness which refused to till the land, and the dogged ignorance which refused either to use or let others use the refuse of the towns, though it was poisoning hundreds yearly by epidemics. But the *science du néant* took little account of such plain matters; after all, why help to support more human beings, when it had settled long ago that there were too many already? Why even stop epidemics, which might be only nature's wholesome method of ridding herself of that plethora of rational beings—"Children of God"—as the obsolete traditions of an obscure Semitic tribe (so men talked) called them—with which she was periodically embarrassed. So the agriculturist and the sanitary reformer had to fight on, and on the whole, conquer, with little or no help from that science which arrogated to itself the knowledge of the laws of wealth.

Meanwhile stood by, laughing bitterly enough, the really practical men,—such

* *Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plata.* Letters written in 1852-3. By C. B. Mansfield, Esq., M. A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge; with a Sketch of the Author's Life, by the Rev. C. Kingsley. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

men as the author of the book now before us; the travellers, the geographers, the experimental men of science, who took the trouble, before deciding on what could be, to find out what was; and, as it were, "took stock" of the earth and her capabilities, before dogmatizing on the future fate of her inhabitants. And, "What?" they asked in blank astonishment, "what, in the name of maps and common sense, means this loud squabble? What right has any one to dogmatize on the future of humanity, while the far greater part of the globe is yet unredeemed from the wild beast and the wild hunter? If scientific agriculture be too costly, is there not room enough on the earth for as much unscientific and cheap tillage as would support many times over her present population? What matters it, save as a question of temporary makeshift, whether England can be made to give thirty-three bushels of wheat per acre instead of thirty-one, by some questionably-remunerative outlay of capital, while the Texan squatter, without any capital save his own two hands, is growing eighty bushels an acre? Your disquisitions about the "margin of productiveness" are interesting, curious, probably correct: valuable in old countries: but nowhere else. For is the question, whether men shall live, or even be born at all, to be settled by them, forsooth, while the valley of the Ottawa can grow corn enough to supply all England; the valley of the Mississippi for all Europe; while Australia is a forest, instead of being, as it will be one day, the vineyard of the world? While New Zealand and the Falklands are still waste; and Polynesia, which may become the Greece of the New World, is worse than waste? While the Nebraska alone is capable of supporting a population equal to France and Spain together? While, in the Old World, Asia Minor, once the garden of old Rome, lies a desert in the foul and lazy hands of the Ottoman? While the Tropics produce almost spontaneously a hundred valuable articles of food, all but overlooked as yet in the exclusive cultivation of cotton and sugar? And finally (asks Mr. Mansfield in his book), while South America alone contains a territory of some eight hundred miles square, at least equaling Egypt in climate, and surpassing England in fertility; easy of access; provided,

by means of its great rivers, with unrivalled natural means of communication, and "with water-power enough to turn all the mills in the world;" and needing nothing but men to make it one of the gardens of the world?

His mind, full of such a hope for the future of humanity, and full, too, of scientific knowledge which gave him especial fitness for estimating the capabilities of a foreign country, Mr. Mansfield went out upon a tour, the only fruit of which is the present book.

He did not live either to form the book into shape, or to carry out the plans at which he hints therein. A premature and most tragic death overtook him in the midst of his scientific labors, and the mass of papers which he left behind passed into the hands of his friends, who are now digesting and arranging them, with a view to publication. These letters, carefully edited, and illustrated by notes and appendices, by an intimate friend of his, have been chosen as the first fruits of his genius, as being at once the most popular work which he has left, and the one, perhaps, which most illustrates the variety, fulness, and energy of his intellect. A short sketch of his life, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, has been appended by the editor to his preface; but the best evidence of what manner of man he was, is to be found in the Letters themselves.

They are nothing more than letters, though worthy of a man of single heart and open eye; and so complete and full in themselves that the editor must have found little difficulty in forming them into an organic whole. With a reverence for the dead, which will be at once understood and honored, he has refrained, perhaps here and there too scrupulously, from altering a single word of the documents as he found them, respecting even certain scraps of Cambridge and Winchester slang, which may possibly offend that class of readers who fancy that the sign of magnanimity is to take everything *au grand sérieux*, and that the world's work must needs be done upon stilts; but which will be, perhaps, to the more thoughtful reader only additional notes of power, of that true "English *Lebens Glückseligkeit*," as the German calls it, which makes a jest of danger, and an amusement of toil. Jean Paul makes somewhere the startling assertion, that no man really believes his re-

ligious creed unless he can afford to jest about it. Without going so far as that, we will say boldly, that no man feels himself master of his work, unless he can afford to jest about it; and that a frolicsome habit of mind is rather a token of deep, genial, and superabundant vitality, than of a shallow and narrow nature, which can only be earnest and attentive by conscious and serious efforts.

However, the best apology for the form in which this book appears is to be found in the editor's own words.

"Let none forget that this work is a posthumous one; put together out of letters written with all the careless familiarity of one who is addressing his nearest kindred, and his most intimate friends,—Materials homespun for home use,* to quote some happy words respecting them. Had the writer lived to shape out these materials, who knows how much he might have suppressed,* how much added, how much re-written? Those only who have had in hand his graver works (such as that on the *Constitution of Salts*, now in the press) can tell with what scrupulous, almost painful, care he was wont to elaborate the finished expression of his thoughts.

"And the task of editing a posthumous work, unchosen moreover by the dead, differs greatly from that of the chosen editor of a work by a living writer. The latter stands on the author's own footing, and may well deem himself bound to alter or omit whatever might be excepted to. The former should rather seek to preserve all that is capable of being defended; all that the writer might really have wished outspoken. What might have been his last word we know not. We only know that this was his first; and most especially is one called on to be diffident in altering the writings of one like Charles Mansfield, in whom so many rare and lovable gifts were so strangely blended, that though one may meet his equal, none who knew him will ever expect to meet in this world his like."

This is sound argument, and (save in the case which we have mentioned in a note) we fully concur in it, and take gladly (since it is impossible now to have more) this frag-

* This should especially apply to a hasty jest or two about an author to whom both history and geological science, as far as South America is concerned, are most deeply indebted. Had either Mr. Mansfield or his gifted editor ever become acquainted with that personage, and come under the influence of his geniality, courtesy, and learning, they would have long ago erased expressions which, though uttered merely in joke, should never have been uttered at all.—C. K.

mentary relic of the observations of a true genius, upon countries too rarely visited by men of science or insight.

From Mr. Mansfield's first landing in the Tropics (one might say from his first sight of Lisbon) the fact which seems to have weighed upon his mind was that of waste; palpable, inexcusable, boundless waste; waste springing from idleness and ignorance, and punished by poverty and disease. Can one wonder if the cholera should sweep away thousands in Lisbon, while "dead dogs" are lying about the small streets; or if the population there should increase faster than the means of subsistence, while live "dogs are asleep in the middle of the streets anywhere? A striking symptom of the inactivity and lifelessness of the town."

So, too, at Pernambuco. Can one wonder at the recurrence of yellow fever, while "there is not a drain of any sort, and all imaginable filth lies in the streets;" or that the resources of the country should be altogether undeveloped, while the roads (of one of which Mr. Mansfield gives a sketch) are deep ditches, "from which a rider can just see, perhaps, over the top of the road," worked out by the feet of the pack-horses into *transverse* ridges and furrows of stiff clay, and mud and water, in which many a horse has been abandoned as inextricable? While roads are left in this state, with a boundless supply of timber close at hand (supposing that stone be too far off) to make a sound "*metal*," who can tell anything of the real resources of the country? Who can tell how much its population might or might not be profitably increased? Mr. Mansfield's opinion seems to be that its capabilities are boundless. "What a paradise is, or at least might be, this country, if it were possessed by the English! I do not feel at all sure that I am not dead, and have not recommenced another life. I should be pretty certain that I was not in the earth world, but in some other planet, if I had had a sound sleep lately, to cut the thread of consciousness." And again: "What a contrast here?" (compared with St. Vincent's, in the Cape Verd Islands). "This place is, even in the hands of these wretched undeveloped people, an Eden of beauty. What a Paradise it would be made by Englishmen of this century! What a heaven it will be made by the brother-men of the age

that is to come! I need not pour out my rapturous admiration of the works of the Great Poet-Father, as you have seen such and have worshipped in similar scenes. The beauty is almost bewildering. The glorious cocoa-nut trees, bananas, palms, bread-fruit, and the magnificent green oranges. . . . I am too giddy to write soberly about anything. I feel inclined to cut capers under the trees till I am tired, then sigh like a hippopotamus for some one to pour it all out upon, and then lie down and dream. As for studying the botany of the country, it is impossible. Nothing is possible but to photographize everybody and everything: cameras cannot get giddy with wonder."

There is a practical element underlying these raptures, merely æsthetic as they may seem at first sight; and Mr. Mansfield notes a most practical want when he says (as all do who know much of the Tropics):

"I suppose there is scarcely any one here who values the glorious imagery of the Mighty Poet who made all this. Negroes, Mulattoes, Portuguese, Brazilians, have all pigs' eyes, by virtue, I suppose, of Adam's fall; and the English, for the same reason, are all absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and so cannot enjoy."

Most practically does this carelessness about the glory which surrounds them affect Tropic civilization—we had almost said, render it impossible. For without the appreciation of beauty, there can be no art; without art, there can be none of that highest civilization among the rich, which will gradually draw up to its own level, humanizing and educating the classes below. "Tropic art" is a thing which the world has yet to see: but when the inspiration shall come, how poor and cold will be all our northern conceptions by the side of the Raphaels and Turners of the New World! That a "Tropic Art" will be developed some day, seems to us a promise written in the book of destiny; for surely, sooner or later, men's minds will be awakened, and more are intended by heaven to be awakened, to see (and as a necessary consequence to reproduce) the beautiful, in those regions of the world in which the beautiful is to be found in utterly unparalleled luxuriance.

In the Tropics, if anywhere, must the old saw about "*ingenuas didicisse artes*" stand true; for there, more than anywhere else,

the uneducated mind, in the long intervals of repose which the fertility of the soil allows, is tempted to expend itself in those fierce and sensual indulgences, which have plunged the Spanish colonies first into profligacy and then into bloodshed. Nowhere so much as in the Tropics do men require, in order to any self-development, even to any social order and safety of life and property, to be raised above the slavery of their animal appetites; and a free white nation which should have learnt this truth, which should be really educated to understand and enjoy the great glory of God around them, might rise to a civilization such as the world has never yet seen, for gracefulness and comfort, scientific appliances and the means of intellectual repose alternating with wholesome but not excessive toil; a civilization beside which that of old Sybaris or Agrigentum would be coarse and poor, and which, meanwhile, need never, under moderately just laws, exhibit any of those fearful contrasts of wealth and poverty which are the blot on our European States; because (as now with the free West Indian negro) every physical comfort, almost every physical luxury, would be within the reach of any one who was willing to labor daily just long enough to keep his body in health. The ideal of what a tropical white nation might be, when properly acclimatized (and acclimatization is now perfectly easy to the decently sober and prudent man), is, if we will but let our imagination soberly work out the details, too dazzling to be dwelt on long without pain, beside the fearful contrast which the social state of Europe presents to it at this moment, and is likely to present for many a year to come.

We will pass on to Mr. Mansfield's experiences of Buenos Ayres, and the country about the River Plate, learning always the same sad lesson of boundless waste, neglect, and incapacity:

"I need not tell you that all the land at most, between the Andes and the Paraná-Paraguay, is one vast plain; all the southern part of which, almost, is now sacrificed to that lowest and most degraded form of occupation, that sham of industry, the feeding and butchering of cattle,—a vile occupation, delighted in by master capitalists, because it yields them a return on their money with the employment of the smallest possible number of workmen,—delighted in

by workmen, because their employment is a lazy one, which excites none of their faculties, except those necessary to enable them to sit on horseback, and to rip the hides off half-killed oxen. I should like some of your lovers of flesh to see the reeking horrors of the *saladeros* of the River Plate."

We have no sympathy with the author's vegetarian predilections: but putting them aside, the facts which he gives prove a waste of animal food, and of animal matter valuable in other ways, frightful to contemplate:

"Dead horses and oxen everywhere. . . the immense quantity of bones is quite wonderful; they are, I am told, used as fuel by the poorer people for cooking and heating ovens. The road is repaired by filling up the holes with them, and in some places you see hedges made of them. I have seen one or two *corrals* (cattle-pounds) surrounded by fences made entirely of the bones which form the cores of the horns of oxen. . . Besides the waste of land (which might grow corn), the cruelty and the disgusting scenes which all this implies, I am annoyed by the consideration of the enormous waste of animal matter, which putrefies in the open air, and which might all make ammonia or saltpetre."

Large quantities of these bones, it should be said, are now imported into Europe as manure; but what a double "Laputism" is involved in the facts! An industrial system so out of gear, that we find it actually cheaper, or at least easier (and this in spite of our unrivalled mechanical appliances), to transport bone manure across the Atlantic, than far more valuable town manure a couple of miles! Tens of thousands here glad enough of sheep's trotters or tripe once a week; good beef in tons putrefying there. It is sad and ludicrous enough; the one comfort is, that the laws of supply and demand are not asleep, though man may be; and that little is wanting on our part, save increased information, to tell the masses who demand in vain, where the supply is; and increased education, to give them the courage and self-help whereby they may avail themselves of nature's infinite bounty. Let us teach on, and have patience. If the meat cannot go to Europe, then Europe will go to the meat; and where the carcase is, nobler animals than eagles be gathered together.

Already Mr. Mansfield saw the promise,

here and there, of a better state of things. Here and there an Englishman or a Frenchman tries agriculture, and succeeds at once. What else could be expected?

"Fancy (says Mr. Mansfield) the capabilities of these lands, where they plant woods of peach-trees for firewood and to feed their pigs—not because the fruit is not first-rate, but because there are not men enough to eat it. Olives, too, grow in great perfection at Buenos Ayres, and the vine luxuriates in the upper provinces, Mendoza and Tucuman. Here is a land of corn, oil, and wine; and as for the honey, as if it was not enough that there should be a score of sorts of bees to make it, the very wasps brew delicious honey. The Banda Oriental and Entre Rios have the same capabilities as the plain of the West, with such other advantages as are given by a more undulating and broken ground, with a great deal of mineral wealth. Further north, in Corrientes and Paraguay, you have the semi-tropical and tropical climates, where the richest oranges, sugar, coffee, tea, yerba maté ('Paraguay tea'), silk, and all the glories of a sun-blest vegetation, are to be had for the asking. Then as for intercommunication. In those parts where the country is hilly there is the best water-carriage in the world; and over the plains, what a country for railways! The whole Pampas ought to be furrowed with tram-roads (not to speak of steam locomotives, which they do not want yet): here is an employment for the thousands of horses which are to be had and fed for nothing. The glorious timber of Paraguay (there is in Appendix D a list of some thirty species of useful timber, by W. G. Onely, Esq.) will do for the trams. Iron is not needed."

Paraguay itself is, he thinks, to be one of the great timber-markets of the world.

"The obstacle to exporting timber from Brazil is the difficulty of getting it to the coast; here, however, is the Paraguay-Paraná ready to float down the timber from the interior."

This suggestion Mr. Mansfield follows up by a very bold and original one, which, we hear, is about to be adopted in practice. Why should not the timber be floated bodily across the Atlantic in rafts, as it is down the German rivers, only towed by steam? Of course, to do it safely, and to make it pay, it must be done on a large scale: the trans-oceanic raft must be a great island of timber, which will defy the storms by its very size.

"I have no doubt (continues Mr. Mansfield, with one of those flashes of scientific imagination with which this book abounds) that the next generation, instead of loading ships with Wenham Lake ice-blocks, will tow icebergs from the Pole to the Equator. . .

"These rivers do not want steam to navigate them. Glorious water-gods, they are of extra size, on purpose to do all the work themselves. I wonder why rivers have never been made to do their own tug-work."

And then he proceeds to sketch plans for stationary water-wheels which shall tow craft up the stream, and for floating factories to which those on the Rhine below Mannheim shall be "baby-toys."

"The power available on this Paraná is positively unlimited; human hands need do no labor within hundreds of miles of its banks. O, what an enormous reservoir of force utterly wasted! Verily the exuberant bounty of God is awful, and the idleness of man is ghastly!"

Whether each and every one of what Mr. Mansfield calls his "dynamical dreams about this huge deluge in harness" be mechanically possible, is little concern of ours. Probably they are; for he was a scientific mechanician of no common order. But let the details go for what they are worth; the idea, the spirit which underlies them, is still invaluable. Surely this is the truly practical, the truly philosophic method of looking at man and nature, to look at them in hope and in faith; not to call upon humanity to fold its hands in the stationary state, in the very years in which it is discovering means of progress unparalleled in any age, and to abnegate its own powers, just as it becomes conscious of them.

By a series of small good fortunes, Mr. Mansfield found himself in November, 1852, in Paraguay itself; almost the first Englishman who had entered it for many years. The sight of fresh, vast capabilities, not merely in the soil and climate, but in the people themselves, excited in him lofty hopes, which, alas! were brought to a sudden end by his untimely death; and the colonization of Paraguay, his darling scheme, must now be the work of another brain than his. That this colonization must take place, sooner or later, it is hard to doubt: and indeed the recent movement of sending thither French emigrants is the first step of a great movement to which we can

wish no better fortune than that it may be guided, or at least assisted, by such a mind as has left in this book fragmentary tokens of its own power, earnestness, and chivalrous self-devotion to the public weal. The district which most excited Mr. Mansfield's hopes, however, was not Paraguay itself, but the "Gran Chaco," that vast tract which lies to the north of the river Paraguay, in length from Santa Fé ten degrees of latitude northward, and six degrees of longitude in breadth. . . .

A splendid country possessed by wild Indians alone, in which the simple and indolent Paraguayans (though it is separated from them only by the river, literally dare not set foot, for fear (forsooth) of Indians whom the Jesuit missionaries, though they did not convert them, visited safely from end to end of the land.

"It is just known that the rivers are or may easily be made navigable, and the rich verdure of the country is visible from the top of this house; and that is all that is known about it. . . . The country still is open. The only positive right which the neighboring republics claim with respect to it, is that which they have doubtless in common with the rest of the world, that each may extend its frontier so far as it can into the Chaco, by encroachment of actual occupation. But not being able to do this, they add the negative dog-manger claim of refusing to other people the right to do the same."

However, two years after this letter was written, a nucleus of civilization, it seems, began to be formed in this neglected place; a Bordeaux company having obtained a grant of land opposite Assuncion, which they are to colonize with a thousand families,—Irish, French, and Spanish (the latter two, Mr. Mansfield supposes, will be Basques).

This latter supposition springs from the fact, that so great has been the Basque emigration to Monte Video of late, that some years ago there were whole villages in which nothing but Basque was spoken. Meanwhile the omnipresent Irishman has found his way thither also, and is mingling with the Iberian races; so that, curiously enough (as the Editor remarks in a note), we may witness the formation in the New World, of a second people of "Celt-Iberi." May they prosper! and with them, any and every col-

only who will go forth, to replenish the earth and subdue it.

A portion of our Italian legion has also, we understand, gone out as colonists to Paraguay. We have unfortunately not been able to obtain any details on the subject; but the plan seems one which must, with common prudence, be crowned with success; and this band of disciplined and enterprising men, if well supported by European influence, should surely form a nucleus of strength, which may be hereafter of boundless importance in the fast-coming era of general European emigration.

We should gladly enter at greater length into the question of the probable future of this magnificent country, did we not fear that by so doing we might give a somewhat wrong impression of Mr. Mansfield's book as a whole, and make many readers fancy it fitted rather for the merchant and the projector, than the general reader. But, in fact, it is throughout an amusing book, consisting not merely of scientific or industrial hints, but of the impressions of the moment about every conceivable matter, dashed off with a careless, but a graceful pen. Mr. Mansfield's extraordinary variety of information made him as good a traveller on paper, as his bodily activity, temperance, and un-failing energy and good humor, made him one in body; and the book throughout is full of nervous sketches, picturesque and humorous, even when he is talking of birds and flowers. He has, especially, that accurate and truly poetic eye, which never fails to supply him with the exact simile or epithet for each object. One can hardly open a page, without finding a bit of description instinct with originality and life. The sea, in those latitudes, is so calm that

"A petrel, flying three or four hundred yards from the ship, was quite plainly seen reflected in the water. . . . A day in a tropical calm is a wonderful dreamy bit of life; and at the end of it, the sun drops hard and bright behind the clean sharp horizon, as if it were eclipsed by the edge of a knife; the fringe of clouds seeming to rise like solid rocks out of the water. . . . Every one has heard of the 'Thresher,' who beats the sperm-whale to death with his tail; but we at least never had any notion what his redoubtable weapon was like, till we read of it as 'a huge ivory paper-knife, sabre shaped, ten feet long, perfectly white, which has occasionally protruded perpendicularly out of

the water, and then brought down with a tremendous thrash.' . . . The ants walk up the and trees cut off the leaves; other ants remaining below, receive them, cut them into small pieces, shoulder them, and carry them to their nest. There was a long line of these fellows walking at double-quick pace, each with a great piece of green leaf towering over their heads, just like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. . . . The frogs, some work on an anvil, like blacksmiths, others whistle like a man calling a dog, others bark like a dog."

His sketches of tropical scenery are admirable; better than those in Mr. Gosse's *Jamaica* (excellent as they are), and only requiring that polish which cannot be expected in familiar letters, to make them equal to Michael Scott's as yet unrivalled pictures, so well known in *Tom Cringle* and the *Cruise of the Midge*. Take, again, a sketch of a humming bird,

"Covered with iridescent green. . . . You sometimes see one, as you think, sitting on a twig; when you get a little nearer, you see that there is no twig; he is sitting on the air quite stationary, while his wings are vibrating like microscopic steam engines; his beak is probing some flower on a bunch. Then he gives a little jerk with his tail, and his position is shifted half-an-inch to the next flower."

He sees, at Buenos Ayres, a curious leafless tree, called Umbu, which looks "just like the roots of some big tree, pulled bodily out of the earth and stuck up on end,* the trunk looking like an old stubbed oak, but soft as cork or cabbage; you might cut down one a yard thick with a pen-knife!" He sees a sandy cliff on the Paraná full of bird-burrows, which prove to be those of parrots—"long-tailed creatures, green and gray, with a flight like a cuckoo, and a scream like a jackdaw." A swarm of locusts overhead "did not darken the sun the least: but as their wings glittered in the light, they looked like flakes of snow passing over the blue sky." The flowers which cover the leafless *Lapacho* trees "look, at some distance, like immense roses stuck on a bed of moss." A kind of wild pine-apple in flower has, in the centre of the crown of green leaves, an inner horizontal coronet of bright scarlet, "forming a cup of fire, in

* May we express our regret that to so many of the natural objects which Mr. Mansfield describes, the scientific names (by which alone they can be identified) have not been appended?

the midst of which sits the flower-clump of little white blossoms, stuffed in a cushion. It ought to be called the phoenix-plant; it is just like the portraits you see of that bird grilling."

But perhaps the best sketch in the book is that of his first sight of the great *Mycteria Americana*—p. 280 :

"As I was riding this evening across the Pantanos (marshes), a district on the south side of the town, where the soil is clay, and the surface covered with little shallow pools of water, with pretty water-plants and quantities of wading birds, I saw the most magnificent bird I ever beheld; he must be the king that was sent down from Heaven to meet the demands of the frogs,—a perfect emperor of cranes. I had just been watching a big heron, when I caught sight of this fellow. At first I thought he was a cow, and then that he was a man; at last I perceived that his gait was far too stately for any biped but a bird; and he let me come as close to him as about the length of an ordinary room; and he was all snow white, except his beak and his head and his neck, which were black, and a broad collar round the lower part of his neck, between the black and white, which was deep red; and his beak was ponderous, like unto a pelican's, and full a foot long, with a heavy lower jaw. He must have stood five feet high without his boots; and he let me look at him ever so long, and he stalked about quite promiscuous; and there was close to him a big white heron, that looked quite small; and as I stood and wondered, he spread his wings, all snow-white, and sailed strait away down south for miles and miles, till the speck of white in the sky was too small to see."

Very interesting also, especially at the present time, are Mr. Mansfield's scattered hints as to the qualities of the Paraguayans themselves. He looks on them as a race who have done what work they could do; and who, having had a chance of organizing and colonizing a magnificent country, and having failed from indolence, are destined to be absorbed by the Anglo-Norman race, whether English or American. And this expectation of his receives, to our notions, a sad corroboration from the "extreme laxity, or rather almost total absence, of morality among the women"—sure sign of a decaying race. Nevertheless, it is worth while to note the many fine capabilities of a race which may hereafter mingle itself with Anglo-Norman blood. Their parentage is

curious enough. The early Spanish conquistadores, who settled Paraguay in the middle of the sixteenth century, all took Guarani (Indian wives), and thus sprang up a mixed race, speaking the Guarani language, whom an old Spanish writer in 1612 describes as :

"Commonly good soldiers, and of great valor; inclined to war, skilful in the management of all sorts of arms; excellent riders, so that there is none among them who cannot break in a colt; above all, very loyal and obedient servants of his Majesty. The women are generally of noble and honorable sentiments, virtuous and beautiful, endowed with discretion, industrious, and well skilled in all kinds of needlework, in which they are continually engaged."

In 1852, Mr. Mansfield found the upper classes—who look down upon their native Guarani, and affect the official Spanish and the *estilo de abajo*,—the style of below, *i. e.*, the quasi-European fashions of the colonies at the mouth of the river—wearing a somewhat used-up look; as is to be expected in a nation which has lived for now three hundred years utterly isolated from the rest of the world: but of a charming simplicity, quietly enjoying life in poverty and ignorance; the ladies barely able to read and write, and asking whether people went by land or by water to the United States; but the peasantry, who still speak Guarani, very noble, and with so little appearance of Indian or negro blood, that he sees in poor cottages in the country, numerous children whom he would have supposed the offspring of some high-bred English family, with delicately-cut features, rather long than broad, and hair as fine as any Saxon; among many of them, reddish hair, quite Scotch. This fact, and the general "English complexion" of the people, drives him to the conclusion that among the Spanish conquistadores there was a singular absence of Moorish blood, and that the country was settled by pure northern Vandals. Be that as it may, such a people, stately and yet energetic, good-tempered and high-minded, docile and imitative as he describes them, need only to be freed from the stupid tyranny which has for the last few years ground them down, and to be thrown into the great common current of human progress, to develop, though not perhaps independent and alone, into something more worthy of

that terrestrial Paradise in which Mr. Mansfield found them idling—the western “Land of Prester John,” as he calls it, in a playful and fanciful poem (full, meanwhile, of deep and noble feeling), inserted in this volume—another proof of the powers of that many-sided mind, of which English science has been (for some inscrutable, yet, we doubt not, merciful purpose) so untimely bereft.

Meanwhile, there is something sad in the child-like ignorance and frivolity of the dwellers in the Arcadia of the West. Take, for instance, their way of celebrating Christmas-day—p. 390:

“In several of the houses of the better class of the poorer sort, they rig up what they call a *pesebre*, which is, being interpreted, a manger. No doubt it was originally meant as a representation of the birth of our Lord: but it would seem that this meaning of it is quite lost. . . . Under a bower of calico and lace . . . are seated every kind of little figure that can be collected: the centre of the background is occupied by a doll which represents the Virgin, and all around are the stupid little figures, which look as if they were gleaned from the toy-shop of some remote country village in England. There were grotesque little images of Oliver Cromwell and Robin Hood, with an apostle or two, and little dogs mounted on squeaking bellows, with little patches of line grass dotted about among them, and candles to illuminate. The visitors’ room is crowded with spectators . . . who sit and gaze in admiration on the motionless spectacle, and every now and then break out into a melancholy chant, which I suppose is meant for some act of reverence. If this was seen in a newly-discovered country, I suppose it would be set down as the worshipping of their idols.”

What else it can be set down as now, is difficult to define. Certainly, setting this and similar facts by the side of miraculous images and winking pictures, and cures by relics, we know no facts recorded of any ancient idolatry more grossly sensuous than those of the modern Romish and Greek churches. All attempts to draw any distinctions between the heathen and the quasi-Christian creed on these points have, in our eyes, failed utterly; and every excuse or explanation now offered by modern priests for the abomination, has been offered long ago by those of Greece, Egypt, and Rome, and by their Neo-platonist partisans.

“The spectators (continues Mr. Mans-

field) consist chiefly of Chinás, or women of the lower order: but the ladies of the higher families go about to see them as an amusement; and not, I fancy, without much gratification.”

Couple this with the frightful fact that at the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay, the Indians of their boasted Reductions relapsed at once into barbarism and heathendom, proving thus the utter absence of any self-supporting vitality—any real “regeneration unto life”—in the Jesuit system; and all we can say of Popery, which daily boasts of its fresh conquests and approaching triumphs, is, that in the very country in which its power has been most unlimited, and least disturbed by external enemies, “that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.”

Paraguay is, as might be supposed, the paradise of smokers. Every one smokes—even at a lady’s funeral (where a mulatto-man chants through his nose the whole Latin service, in nothing but a shirt and drawers, with a green-baize poncho, and much spitting on the pavement; and Mr. Mansfield “never saw such a scoundrelly-looking set of fellows as the priests who officiated,”) the chief mourner prepares for the procession by sticking a cigar in his mouth. “Even the young ladies ‘of the upper dozen,’ who refrain in public, smoke vigorously when alone, at all hours and places; and the tobacco is scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Havannah.”

Picturesque, lazy, cheerful people they seem—content enough with “the stationary state” in a country where the necessities of life may be had for the asking, and quite unaware (and small blame to them) that to remain in the stationary state, in the midst of such a country, while all the nations round them are struggling for the means of existence, is a national sin, because a national selfishness—a burying in the earth the talent allotted to them. For surely a moral duty lies on any nation, who can produce far more than sufficient for its own wants, to supply the wants of others from its own surplus. No one, of course, is Quixotic enough to expect a people to condemn itself to unnecessary labor for mere generosity’s sake, and to give away what they might sell; but the human species has a right to demand (what the Maker thereof

demands also, and enforces the demand by very fearful methods), that each people should either develop the capabilities of their own country, or make room for those who will develop them. If they accept that duty, they have their reward in the renovation of blood, which commerce, and its companion, colonization, are certain to bring; and in increased knowledge, which involves increased comfort, and increased means of supporting population. If they refuse it, they punish themselves by their own act. They discover (or rather, the world discovers by their example) that national isolation is only national degradation; that the stationary state exists only on paper, and is, in practice and fact, a state of steady deterioration, physical and moral; that to refuse to take their place in the common weal of humanity, and their share of the burdens of humanity, is to cut themselves off from all that humanity has learned and gained, by hard struggles and bitter lessons; to leave the national intellect fallow, and thereby give more and more scope to the merely animal passions; till, frivolous and sensual, the race sinks into the dotage of second childhood; but not self-contented or at peace. To a race in this state, most fearfully is fulfilled the world-wide law—"He that saveth his life shall lose it." Nowhere will life and property be so insecure, as among those peoples who care for nothing but life and property, and who say, with folded hands—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." For over the lazy brute-Arcadia sweep surely terrible storms; their weakness makes them a prey (as the Paraguayans have been) to tyrant after tyrant. Nay, even tyranny itself may be a benefit to them; and the capricious and half-insane dictatorship of a Francia may be the necessary means (as it was in Paraguay from 1820 to 1840) of developing the agriculture and the manufactures of a lazy and debauched race, and thereby giving increased means of subsistence to thousands who must otherwise either have starved or have gradually sunk into the condition of savage and godless squatters in the fertile wilderness.

The terrible lesson that no price was too high to pay for industry and order, even of the roughest kind, which Francia taught

the Paraguayans, seems not to have been lost upon them; and their conduct since his death, in 1840, has formed an honorable contrast to that of the other South American republics. The general features of this improvement may be read in Mr. Mansfield's volume, pp. 458-463; and the new policy of the republic, which admitted strangers, whom Francia had so jealously excluded, was practically inaugurated in 1853, by the opening of the river Paraguay (which the jealousy of Rosas had long kept closed) to British ships as far as Assumption. A treaty between Brazil and Paraguay has just made Assuncion the thoroughfare for the enormous mineral wealth of the western Brazil; but nothing, it seems to us, can permanently protect Paraguay from those miseries which have desolated every State of South America for the last forty years, save the introduction of a sturdy race of European and American colonists, protected by the strong arms of their civilized mother-countries, from the intrigue, caprice, ignorance, and brutality of the surrounding military despots for the time being. Let us trust that the alliance formed between Paraguay and England, France, the United States, and Sardinia, will not remain waste paper; but that, if "intervention" be needed, intervention will be boldly employed, to protect both the Paraguayans and the new colonists against the machinations of those surrounding States, whose political career has been marked by nothing but blood, as the many have been butchered periodically for the sake of the ambition and cupidity of the few and their hired myrmidons. Let the European nations, or the United States, once become fully alive to the enormous capabilities of Paraguay, and self-interest will make them interfere with a strong hand to put down that suicidal anarchy, which they now only regard with contempt: but which they will then begin to fear and hate, as a curse and a hindrance to the progress of the human commonweal. And, meanwhile, may the kindly Paraguayans enjoy themselves, as best they can, in their simple picturesque way, till the fast-approaching day shall come, when play shall be at an end, and work begin.

From Household Words.

THE LIFE-SHORE.

ALONE by my fire-side dreaming,
 Counting Life's golden sands :
 Counting the years on my fingers
 Since my youth and I shook hands—
 Since I stood, weak and weary,
 On the shores of a troubled sea,
 And my youth and its hopes went drifting
 Down the ebb-tide, dark and dreè—

Counting the years on my fingers
 And looking along the shore,
 Back to the spot where we parted,—
 Parted for evermore,—
 Many a precious footprint
 Trace I upon the sands,
 Hence to the shadow'd waters
 Where my youth and I shook hands.

Wavering and slow at their outstart,
 Oft halting and turning back,
 Alone in the mournful journey,
 Are the first steps on the track;
 Looking away through the sea-mists—
 Not at the stumbling feet,—
 Are the tear-blind eyes of the wanderer
 When she and Pale Sorrow meet.

Her passion is mute in this presence,
 And low, with her face on her hands,
 Keeps she a vigil of silence
 Midst the wrecks on the storm-beat sands;
 Till comes through the moonless darkness,
 Wraith-like, unheard, and slow,
 With trailing garments of mourning,
 Patience, with heavenward brow.

She rises up from her weeping,
 And looks o'er the sea again;
 But night is low on the waters,
 And her eyes may watch in vain.
 Onward, by Patience guided,
 Onward along the shore,
 Leaving the wrecks unburied,
 Unburied for evermore.

Peace comes in the morning twilight,
 Strength comes in the later day,
 And all these four together
 Press forward upon the way.
 Not without bitter struggle
 Passes the noon-tide heat :
 Turn'd back and check'd and baffled
 Oft are her weary feet.

Could she but sit and rest her
 One hour by the whitening wave,
 And gather old dreams around her,
 'Tis all that her heart would crave :

But, no ! she must work and suffer
 While the day is daylight still;
 There is time for rest and idleness
 In the grave beyond the hill.

Quicksand and ghastly breakers
 Are there on the forward track :
 "Go on," moans the tide advancing,
 "No lingering, no looking back !"
 Swifter, and ever swifter,
 Comes the roll of the mighty flood,
 And the waves of dark Time sweep over
 The spot where late she stood.

A wide, black waste of water
 Strewn o'er with spar and mast,
 The wrecks that the currents carry
 To the Present from the Past,
 Across that heaving whirlpool
 She may look and look again,
 There is only mist and foaming,
 Thick cloud and driving rain.
 Dead Hopes, lost Love, lost Happiness,
 Lie pale on the tempest sea—
 Seed sown in youth for a harvest
 That shall never gather'd be.

Forward, and ever forward,
 Skirting the haggard rocks,
 Where no glimmer of golden sunshine
 The dull, gray silence mocks.
 Footsore and lagging often,
 Weary both heart and brain—
 "Courage, faint heart, and forward !
 Such travail is not in vain."

The heat of the day is over,
 Twilight enshrouds the sky :
 Gone back are the sullen waters,
 Leaving the footprints dry.
 Some faint on the deep-ribb'd sea-sand
 In all their wandering maze,
 When she and her heart went blindly
 Through long, long aching days :
 Some clear as if cut in marble,
 Straight on the beaten strand;
 Steady and true to their purpose,
 Guided by angel hand.

Sitting alone by my fire-side,
 Alone this October night,
 Tracing a backward journey
 By memory's pale moonlight,
 Looking through Life's long vista
 To its hours of golden sands,
 And counting the years on my fingers
 Since my youth and I shook hands
 Till bright in the far-off distance,
 Like sun in a pictured scene,
 As I round the hills of autumns,
 The old spring-times are seen.

From Household Words.

AMERICAN CHANGES OF NAMES.

WHILE the turbulent struggles of public life in the United States startle or astound the observer; while election riots, civil war, and bloody personal encounters shock the European sense of all that is stable and secure; there are small analogous traits in the quieter pursuits of the American mind that stamp it as the most unsteady of all human combinations. Among these, none is more striking and few are so absurd, independent of political or party versatility, as the mania for the changing of names; not merely of surnames—a thing rarely effected in England, and then only as a necessity attended by the acquisition of property, by bequest, inheritance, or marriage,—but of Christian names also, changed at will, and on the payment of a small fee: not always from dishonest designs, but often from mere caprice, good or bad taste, or love of variety—from any motive, in short, that might induce an individual elsewhere to change a house, a horse, or a picture.

This very common custom, besides leading to infinite confusion as to personal identity, the verification of facts, and the titles to property among a people so wandering, affords a painful illustration of the little real respect as yet generally prevalent among our cousins for family records or family associations.

In Europe, attachment to a family name is a sacred sentiment. If it has been rendered eminent by an individual, or even reputable by a succession of honest bearers, few would change it, even if they could. It may not be euphonious; yet we are endeared to it for the sake of those by whom it was borne before us: It may not be celebrated; but we hope to preserve it unsullied. It may have been disgraced; and, in that case, we resolve to redeem it from the stain. Even when its change for some other brings an increase of worldly wealth, we feel that the donor who has coupled his gift with the hard condition of displacing our own patronymic by his has "filched from us our good name," and we think that we pay a high price for our good fortune. In fact, it is only in very rare instances of some gross individual infamy, that families abandon their cognomen, except in compliance with the condition of some valuable bequest that forces the change upon an heir or legatee.

But who in the (old) world would ever, under any circumstances, think of changing his Christian name for any other whatever? Many an Englishman dislikes his familiar appellation, wishes his godfathers and godmothers had had more music in their names, or more forethought for his sensitiveness; but, however harsh or ignoble his Christian name may be, he is usually satisfied with it, and cherishes it—even as a parent does an ugly child—in honor of old associations, and as a part of himself.

The general subject of the invention or adaptation of surnames in England is amusing, and instructive too. It has been calculated that there are, in existence among us, between twenty and thirty thousand surnames, derived from almost every possible combination of personal qualities, natural objects, occupations and pursuits, localities, and from mere caprice and fancy. But once established they are handed down from generation to generation, with respect if not reverence; occasional changes in orthography taking place to hide their original meanness; or, as Camden says, "to mollify them ridiculously, lest their bearers should seem villified by them." In America, however, these changes are not confined to slight alterations in spelling, but are adopted bodily and by wholesale.

Levity and conceit are the undoubted chief causes for this perpetual ringing of the changes on names. It would be scarcely possible, in most cases, to trace the custom to any reasonable or respectable motive. The changes themselves are, in the majority of instances, abundantly ludicrous; but the forwardness with which the commonest persons thrust themselves (by implication) into known and well-considered families, and endeavor to identify themselves with eminent individuals, is equally remarkable.

Here are a few examples from the yearly list published by the legislature of Massachusetts. I should like to have each individual's head subjected to a phrenological examination, to ascertain if it would bear out my notion of the respective characters of those name-changers. The following eight would show, perhaps, a vain-glorious pride dashed with great effrontery:

James Colbert takes the name of Colbert Mortimer; Caleb C. Woodman that of Emerson Mortimer; Hazan R. Fitz that of Hazan Wellington; Lyman Cook becomes Lyman

Van Buren; Diodate G. Coon takes the name of Diodate Calhoun; John Pickard that of Daniel Webster; Noyes Coker that of Edward Byron; and John Lawrence that of George Washington.

Every one will understand the motives of such a choice—if choice was to be made—of names so gilded with historic and literary fame as those of Mortimer, Wellington, Washington, and Byron. But, many, many Englishmen are not aware that there are, or have recently been, in existence American political celebrities called Van Buren, Webster, and Calhoun.

The bump of patriotism must be lamentably deficient in those who abandon the peculiarly national prenomens for any other: as Jonathan Kimball Rogers, who takes that of John K. Rogers, and Jonathan Kendal that of Henry Kendall.

This is like giving up Yankee Doodle for Hail, Columbia! the former air smacking of vulgarity, and the other having a fine flavor.*

The romantic and lackadaisical developments must be strong in the following young ladies; several of them having abandoned their good old English name—not, be it observed, for the sake of a husband—but evidently under the inspiration of the last sixpenny novel; and, from

Sarah Robbins,	becoming	Adelaide Austin.
Eunicy Fellows	"	Caroline Follows.
Ruth Wedge	"	Sophonra Bradford.
Sarah Lombard	"	Amelia Livingstone.
Mary Carter	"	Aravilla Carter.
Judith Bray	"	Maria Bray.
Betsy Townsend	"	Malvina Townsэнд.
Sally Prescott	"	Phidelia Prescott.
Alice Hubbard	"	Alvina Calista Hubbard.
Nancy Tarbox	"	Almeda Taber.
Rachel Hawkes	"	Almira Aurelia Hawkes.
Martha Ames }	"	Sabrina Ames (of ditto).
(of Saugus) }		

Polly Woodcock drops a syllable, and becomes Polly Wood; and Alice Bottomly, from motives of delicacy, I presume, alters the spelling of her surname to Bothomlee.

But no particular taste for melody can have influenced the spinsters following.

Anna Maria Bean,	who becomes	Eliza Patch.
Valeria Pew	"	Mary Pew.
Serenetha Goodrich	"	Mary French.
Tryphen Van Buskirk	"	Frances Coffin.

Miss Clara Frinck cannot be blamed for

* The very ordinary tune, Yankee Doodle, was adopted during the Revolution as the national air, from its having been played by a country fifer as a quick-step during the march of a small detachment of gallant countrymen to the fight of Bunker's Hill—a glorious title to distinction, and far superior to that of the composition which has superseded it among the fashionable society of America.

changing to Clariassa Wilson, or Abby Craw for becoming Abigail Sawtell. Triphena Moore, Derdama Finney, Othealda Busk, and the Widow Naomi Luddington are unexceptionably elegant and need no change; yet changed they are to other as fanciful appellations. What could have induced Mrs. Betty Henderson (no second marriage giving cause) to change to Betty Grimes? Or where was the occult motive that influenced Philander Jacobs to change to Philander Forrest; Ossian Doolittle to Ossian Ashley; Jeduthan Calden to Albert Nelson; or Allan Smith to go to the very end of the alphabet and become Allan Izzard?

Under sundry unfathomable influences, Horace Fish and his wife Rhuhemah take the surname of Tremont; Curtis Squires that of Pomeroy Montague; William H. Carlton that of Augustus Carlton; Ingebor Janson that of Ingebor Anderson; George Hoskiss that of George Puffer. John Jumper shows good taste in becoming simple John Mason.

Daniel Ames merely changes a letter, and is Daniel Emes. Dr. Jacob Quackenbush, finding his name unwieldy, sinks a couple of syllables and the quack at the same time, and is transformed to Jacob Bush, M.D. Nathaniel Hopkins, betaking himself to rural life, I suppose, becomes Sylvanus Hopkins. But I cannot perceive what John Cogswell gains (except additional trouble) by inserting two more very unmusical monosyllables, and becoming John Beare Doane Cogswell.

I am sorry to perceive that some Irishmen have been infected by the epidemic; and, while renouncing their country, try to get rid of their national distinctions. For instance, Patrick Hughes changes to William Hughes; Timothy Leary changes to Theodore Lyman; Mason McLoughlin becomes Henry Mason; and, six other persons of his name following his bad example, a whole branch of the family tree of the McLoughlins is lopped off.

As a pendant to this anti-national picture, a group of five Bulls abandon the honest English patronymic of their common father, John, and degenerately change it to Webster.

A good excuse may exist for the family of Straw, the man of it, as well as his wife and seven children (Cynthia, Sophia, Elvina,

Diana, Sophronia, Phelista, and Orestus), for becoming so many Nileses; while another, called Death, petition (through a member named Graves), and are metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Dickenson. Masters Ashael G., Jothan P. and Abel S., their sons, also change from Death to Dickenson; but, strange to say, retain their villanous prenomen and unmeaning initials.

One Mr. Wormwood, with some fun in him, asks to be allowed to change his name for some other; "certain," as he says, "that no member of taste will oppose his request."

Another individual, Alexander Hamilton, also petitions for leave to change, on the double ground of the inconvenient length of seven syllables in writing or speaking (a true go-ahead Yankee), and on his inability to "support the dignity of a name so famous in history!" It must be observed that this smart mechanic did not refer to the Conquerer of Darius, but to the greatest Alexander he had ever heard of, Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury to Washington; and I only hope (for the sake of American amour propre) that a portion of my readers may know who is meant.

To these instances of ever-shifting alterations, I may add one of a Miss Hogg who became Miss Howard; of another, a highly-estimable family, the Crowninshields of Marblehead, whose original name was Grunsel; and still another, the former Tinkers, who are the present Buckinghams. So much for them!

In looking at this scanty number of examples, and reflecting that such arbitrary changes are every year taking place over the whole extent of the Union to a very large amount, we may imagine, apart from the absurdity of the custom, the confusion and the mischief it occasions. Yet, however strange it appears to us, it is perhaps more wondering that, considering the facility of the operation, it is not still oftener practised. A recent American paper tells us of a family in the town of Detroit, whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, &c. The three elder children of a family near home were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should any more

children have been born, they would have been named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. The parents of another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterwards to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

Whatever exaggeration there may possibly be in these last-quoted instances, there is certainly, in New England as well as in the less established parts of the Union, a curious taste for grotesque, though less startling, combination in names. In what degree fathers or godfathers are responsible for this, or whether existing individuals have capriciously altered their children's christian and surnames in the present generation, I cannot determine. It is equally puzzling to account, on either hypothesis, for such names as strike the eye on the shop-signs or door-plates, or in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere. For instance: Apollo Munn, Quincy Tufts, Orlando Tompkins, Bea Tiffany, Polycretus Flag, Sylvester Almy, Peleg Sprague, Rufus Choate, Abiza Bigelow, Jabez Tarr, Asaph Bass, Azor Tabor, Hiram Shumway, Ransom Sperry, Nahum Capon, Elihu Amadon, Gideon Links, Zichri Nash.

Gideon, Hephzibah, Hasiph, Gibeon, Uriah, Seth, Elnathan, Jeduthan, Virgil, Pliny, Horace, Homer, with Faith, Hope, Charity, and all the other virtues, are common prenomenes all over the country. Many of these, while making us smile, recall associations Scriptural and classical, or of our own historic and puritanical absurdities; while some of the fancy names of America remind us of nothing. Mr. Preserved Fish was a well-known merchant of New York. Perhaps the most whimsical of all is that of a young lady of a country town in the state of Massachusetts, Miss Wealthy Titus. Attractive and auspicious compound! Pray Heaven she will change it, and that without losing a day, like her imperial namesake! And who knows but that every one of those eccentric appellations here recorded are, by this time (like Uncle Toby's oath), blotted out forever!

However that may be in regard to individuals or families, the national nomenclature, as far as the names of places are concerned, gives a permanent proof that the

Americans are at once a remarkably imitative and unimaginative people. In the immense catalogue of the names of counties, towns, and cities, there is hardly one they can claim as their own invention. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns is, without joke, "confusion worse confounded." There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States, called Washington. There are five Londons, one New London, and I don't know how many Londonderrys. Six towns called Paris; three Dresdens, four Vennas, fourteen Berlins, twenty-four Hanovers. There are twenty-odd Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, about a score of Brightons, nine Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, as many Somersets, a dozen Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks and New Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, double as many Concords (but no Melody); thirteen Freedoms, forty-four Libertys (and plenty of slavery). Twenty-one Columbias, seven Columbuses, and seventy-eight Unions. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the color Green, twenty-four Browns, twenty-six Oranges, and five Vermilions—all the hues of an autumnal forest; but they shrink from calling any of them Black, though they sometimes would make white appear so, especially in the repudiating States. Fifteen Goshens, eleven Canaans, thirty Salems, eleven Bethlehems, testify to the respect in which Scriptural names are held; while homage has been done to classic lands in sundry log-hut villages, some of them fast swelling in population and prosperity. "Ilium fuit" is belied by the existence of sixteen Troys. There are twelve Romes, and eight Atheneses; but only one Romulus—and I have not had the good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians.

Many great writers have been honored in these national baptisms. There are several Homers, Virgils, Drydens, and Addisons, a couple of Byrons, but not yet (nor likely to be in any sense) a Shakespeare. There are, however, five Avons, three Stratfords, a Romeo, a Juliet; besides, defying classification, four Scipios, six Sheffields, twelve Man-

chesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New somethings, and only six Old anythings. The most desperate effort at invention is to be found in repetitions of Springfields, Bloomfields, and Greenfields. All the cities of the East are multiplied many times, with the exception of Constantinople, which does not figure in the list at all; but, in revenge, there is one Constantine. There are very few attempts at giving to Yankee humor a local habitation and a name. But I have discovered the funny title of Jim Henry attached to a soi-disant town in Miller County, State of Missouri; and I am sorry to perceive the stupid name of Smallpox fastened (not firmly, I hope) on one in Joe Davis County, Illinois.

The comparative popularity of public men may or may not be inferred from the number of times their names may be found on the maps. It is remarkable that there are ninety-one Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, sixty-nine Jeffersons, thirty-four Lafayettes, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Madisons, fifty-nine Perrys, thirty-two Harrisones, twenty-seven Clintons, twenty-one Clays, sixteen Van Burens, fourteen Bentons; but there are only three Websters.

The indigenous fruits, shrubs, and trees give titles to many of the streets in cities and towns, but to few of the towns themselves. There is one Willow, a few Oaks (out of forty odd varieties of the forest king), and not one Persimmon, nor, as far as I can learn, a Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of American trees.

A New York newspaper, writing on this subject, suggests the propriety of passing a law prohibiting the use of a name for a town or county that has ever been used before for the same purpose. But immediately recoils, like Fear in the Ode,

"Even at the sound itself had made."

And well it might. For if the notion were followed up, new towns might be numbered, as streets often are at present, and some such arithmetical combination might occur as a letter addressed to

"Mister Jonathan Snookinson,

"Sixty-Fourth Street,

"Forty-First City,

"Nineteenth County,

"State of Confusion."

From Fraser's Magazine.

GLASGOW DOWN THE WATER.

UPON any day in the months of June, July, August, and September, the stranger who should walk through the handsome streets, crescents, and terraces which form the West End of Glasgow, might be led to fancy that the plague was in the town, or that some fearful commercial crash had brought ruin upon all its respectable families,—so utterly deserted is the place. The windows are all done up with brown paper: the door-plates and handles, erewhile of glittering brass, are black with rust: the flights of steps which lead to the front-doors of the houses have furnished a field for the chalked cartoons of vagabond boys with a turn for drawing. The more fashionable the terrace or crescent, the more completely is it deserted: our feet waken dreary echoes as we pace the pavement. We naturally inquire of the first policeman we meet, What is the matter with Glasgow,—has anything dreadful happened? And we receive for answer the highly intelligible explanation, that the people are all *Down the Water*.

We are enjoying our annual holiday from the turmoil of Westminster Hall and the throng of London streets; and we have taken Glasgow on our way to the Highlands. We have two or three letters of introduction to two or three of the merchant-princes of the city; and having heard a great deal of the splendid hospitalities of the Western metropolis of the North, we have been anticipating with considerable satisfaction stretching our limbs beneath their mahogany, and comparing their *cuisine* and their cellar with the descriptions of both which we have often heard from Mr. Allan M'Collop, a Glasgow man who is getting on fairly at the bar. But when we go to see our new acquaintances, or when they pay us a hurried visit at our hotel, each of them expresses his deep regret that he cannot ask us to his house, which he tells us is shut up, his wife and family being *Down the Water*. No explanation is vouchsafed of the meaning of the phrase, which is so familiar to Glasgow folk that they forget how oddly it sounds on the ear of a stranger. Our first hasty impression, perhaps, from the policeman's sad face (no cold meat for him now, honest man), was that some sudden inundation had swept away the entire wealthier

portion of the population,—at the same time curiously sparing the toiling masses. But the pleasant and cheerful look of our mercantile friend, as he states what has become of his domestic circle, shows us that nothing very serious is amiss. At length, after much meditation, we conclude that the people are at the sea-side; and as *that* lies down the Clyde from Glasgow, when a Glasgow man means to tell us that his family and himself are enjoying the fresh breezes and the glorious scenery of the Frith of Clyde, he says they are *Down the Water*.

Everybody everywhere of course longs for the country, the sea-side, change of air and scene, at some period during the year. Almost every man of the wealthier and more cultivated class in this country has a vacation, longer or shorter. But there never was a city whence the annual migration to the sea-side is so universal or so protracted as it is from Glasgow. By the month of March in each year, every house along the coast within forty miles of Glasgow is let for the season at a rent which we should say must be highly remunerative. Many families go to the coast early in May, and every one is *down the water* by the first of June. Most people now stay till the end of September. The months of June and July form what is called "the first season;" August and September are "the second season." Until within the last few years, one of these "seasons" was thought to furnish a Glasgow family with vigor and buoyancy sufficient to face the winter, but now almost all who can afford it stay at the sea-side during both. And from the little we have seen of Glasgow, we do not wonder that such should be the case. No doubt Glasgow is a fine city on the whole. The Trongate is a noble street; the park on the banks of the Kelvin, laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, furnishes some pleasant walks; the Sauchyhall-road is an agreeable promenade; Claremont Crescent and Park Gardens consist of houses which would be of the first class even in Belgravia or Tyburnia; and from the West-end streets, there are prospects of valley and mountain which are worth going some distance to see. But the atmosphere, though comparatively free from smoke, wants the exhilarating freshness of breezes just arrived from the Atlantic. The sun does not set in such glory beyond Gilmore-hill, as behind

the glowing granite of Goatfell; and the trunks of the trees round Glasgow are (if truth must be spoken) a good deal blacker than might be desired, while their leaves are somewhat shrivelled up by the chemical gales of St. Rollox. No wonder, then, that the purest of pure air, the bluest of blue waves, the most picturesque of noble hills, the most purple of heather, the greenest of ivy, the thickest of oak-leaves, the most fragrant of roses and honeysuckle, should fairly smash poor old Glasgow during the summer months, and leave her not a leg to stand on.

The ladies and children of the multitudinous families that go *down the water*, remain there permanently, of course: most of the men go up to business every morning and return to the sea-side every night. This implies a journey of from sixty to eighty miles daily; but the rapidity and cheapness of the communication render the journey a comparatively easy one. Still it occupies three or four hours of the day; and many persons remain in town two or three nights weekly, smuggling themselves away in some little back parlor of their dismantled dwellings. But let us accept our friend's invitation to spend a few days at his place *down the water*, and gather up some particulars of the mode of life there.

There are two ways of reaching the coast from Glasgow. We may sail all the way down the Clyde, in steamers generally remarkably well-appointed and managed; or we may go by railway to Greenock, twenty-three miles off, and catch the steamer there. By going by railway we save an hour,—a great deal among people with whom emphatically time is money,—and we escape a somewhat tedious sail down the river. The steamer takes two hours to reach Greenock, while some express trains which run all the way without stopping, accomplish the distance in little more than half an hour. The sail down the Clyde to Greenock is in parts very interesting. The banks of the river are in some places richly wooded: on the north side there are picturesque hills; and the huge rock on which stands the ancient castle of Dumbarton, is a striking feature. But we have never met any Glasgow man or woman who did not speak of the sail between Glasgow and Greenock as desperately tedious, and by all means to be avoided. Then in warm summer weather the Clyde is

nearly as filthy as the Thames; and sailing over a sewer, even through fine scenery, has its disadvantages. So we resolve to go with our friend by railway to Greenock, and thus come upon the Clyde where it has almost opened into the sea. Quite opened into the sea, we might say: for at Greenock the river is three miles broad, while at Glasgow it is only some three hundred yards.

"Meet me at Bridge-street station at five minutes to four," says Mr. B——, after we have agreed to spend a few days on the Clyde. There are a couple of hours to spare, which we give to a basin of very middling soup at McLerie's, and to a visit to the cathedral, which is a magnificent specimen of the severest style of Gothic architecture. We are living at the Royal Hotel in George Square, which we can heartily recommend to tourists; and when our hour approaches, Boots brings us a cab. We are not aware whether there is any police regulation requiring the cabs of Glasgow to be extremely dirty, and the horses that draw them to be broken-winded, and lame of not more than four nor less than two legs. Perhaps it is merely the general wish of the inhabitants that has brought about the present state of things. However this may be, the unhappy animal that draws us reaches Bridge-street station at last.

As our carriage draws up we catch a glimpse of half-a-dozen men, in that peculiar green dress which railway servants affect, hastening to conceal themselves behind the pillars which decorate the front of the building, while two or three excited ticket-porters seize our baggage, and offer to carry it upstairs. But our friend, with Scotch foresight and economy, had told us to make the servants of the Company do their work. "Hands off," we say to the ticket-porters; and walking up the steps we round a pillar, and smartly tapping on the shoulder one of the green-dressed gentlemen lurking there, we indicate to him the locality of our portmanteau. Sulkily he shoulders it, and precedes us to the booking-office. The fares are moderate: eighteen-pence to Greenock, first class; and we understand that persons who go daily, by taking season tickets, travel for much less. The steamers afford a still cheaper access to the sea-side, conveying passengers from Glasgow to Rothesay, about forty-five miles, for sixpence cabin and three-

pence deck. The trains start from a light and spacious shed, which has the very great disadvantage of being at an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the ground level. Railway companies have sometimes spent thousands of pounds to accomplish ends not a tenth part so desirable as is the arranging their stations in such a manner as that people in departing, and still more in arriving, shall be spared the annoyance and peril of a break-neck staircase like that at the Glasgow railway station. It is a vast comfort when cabs can draw up alongside the train, under cover, so that people can get into them at once, as at Euston-square.

The railway carriages that run between Glasgow and Greenock have a rather peculiar appearance. The first-class carriages are of twice the usual length, having six compartments instead of three. Each compartment holds eight passengers; and as this accommodation is gained by increasing the breadth of the carriages, brass bars are placed across the windows, to prevent any one from putting out his head. Should any one do so, his head would run some risk of coming in collision with the other train; and although, from physiological reasons, some heads might receive no injury in such a case, the carriage with which they came in contact would probably suffer. The expense of painting is saved by the carriages being built of teak, which when varnished has a cheerful light-oak color. There is a great crowd of men on the platform, for the four o'clock train is the chief down-train of the day. The bustle of the business-day is over; there is a general air of relief and enjoyment. We meet our friend punctual to the minute; we take our seat on the comfortable blue cushions; the bell rings; the engine pants and tugs; and we are off—"down the water."

We pass through a level country on leaving Glasgow; there are the rich fields which tell of Scotch agricultural industry. It is a bright August afternoon: the fields are growing yellow; the trees and hedges still wear their summer green. In a quarter of an hour the sky suddenly becomes overcast. It is not a cloud; don't be afraid of an unfavorable change of weather; we have merely plunged into the usual atmosphere of dirty and ugly Paisley. Without a pause, we sweep by, and here turn off to the right.

That line of railway from which we have turned aside runs on to Dumfries and Carlisle; a branch of it keeps along the Ayrshire coast to Ardrossan and Ayr. In a little while we are skimming the surface of a bleak black moor; it is a dead level, and not in the least interesting; but, after a plunge into the mirk darkness of a long tunnel, we emerge into daylight again; and there, sure enough, are the bright waters of the Clyde. We are on its south side; it has spread out to the breadth of perhaps a couple of miles. That rocky height on its north shore is Dumbarton Castle; that great mass beyond is Ben Lomond, at whose base lies Loch Lomond, the queen of Scottish lakes, now almost as familiar to many a cockney tourist as a hundred years since to Rob Roy Macgregor. We keep close by the water's edge, skirting a range of hills on which grow the finest strawberries in Scotland. Soon, to the right we see many masts, many great rafts of timber, many funnels of steamers; and there, creeping along out in the middle of the river, is the steamer we are to join, which left Glasgow an hour before us. We have not stopped since we left Glasgow; thirty-five minutes have elapsed, and now we sweep into a remarkably tasteless and inconvenient station. This is Greenock at last; but, as at Glasgow, the station is some forty feet above the ground. A railway cart at the foot of a long stair receives the luggage of passengers, and then sets off at a gallop down a dirty little lane. We follow at a run; and, a hundred and fifty yards off, we come on a long range of wharf, beside which lie half-a-dozen steamers sputtering out their white steam with a roar, as though calling impatiently for their passengers to come faster. Our train has brought passengers for a score of places on the Frith; and in the course of the next hour and a half, these vessels will disperse them to their various destinations. By way of guidance to the inexperienced, a post is erected on the wharf, from which arms project, pointing to the places of the different steamers. The idea is a good one, and if carried out with the boldness with which it was conceived, much advantage might be derived by strangers. But a serious drawback about these indicators is that they are invariably pointed in the wrong direction, which renders them considerably less useful than they might

otherwise be. Fortunately we have a guide, for there is not a moment to lose. We hasten on board, over an awkward little gangway, kept by a policeman of rueful countenance, who punches the heads of several little boys who look on with awe. Bare-headed and barefooted girls offer baskets of gooseberries and plums of no tempting appearance. Ragged urchins bellow "Day's Penny Paper! Glasgow *Daily News*!" In a minute or two, the ropes are cast off, and the steamers diverge as from a centre to their various ports.

We are going to Dunoon. Leaving the ship-yards of Greenock echoing with multitudinous hammerings, and rounding a point covered with houses, we see before us Gourock, the nearest to Greenock of the places "down the water." It is a dirty little village on the left side of the Frith. A row of neat houses, quite distinct from the dirty village, stretches for two miles along the water's edge. The hills rise immediately behind these. The Frith is here about three miles in breadth. It is Renfrewshire on the left hand; a few miles on, and it will be Ayrshire. On the right are the hills of Argyshire. And now, for many miles on either side, the shores of the Frith, and the shores of the long arms of the sea that run up among those Argyshire mountains, are fringed with villas, castles, and cottages—the retreats of Glasgow men and their families. It is not, perhaps, saying much for Glasgow to state that one of its greatest advantages is the facility with which one can get away from it, and the beauty of the places to which one can get. But true it is, that there is hardly a great city in the world which is so well off in this respect. For sixpence, the artisan of Bridgton or Calton can travel forty miles in the purest air, over as blue a sea, and amid as noble hills, as can be found in Britain. The Clyde is a great highway: a highway traversed, indeed, by a merchant navy scarcely anywhere surpassed in extent; but a highway, too, whose gracious breezes, through the summer and autumn time, are ever ready to revive the heart of the pale weaver, with his thin wife and child, and to fan the cheek of the poor consumptive needlewomen into the glow of something like country health and strength.

After Greenock is passed, and the river

has grown into the frith, the general features of the scene remain very much the same for upwards of twenty miles. The water varies from three to seven or eight miles in breadth; and then suddenly opens out to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles. Hills, fringed with wood along their base, and gradually passing into moorland as they ascend, form the shores on either side. The rocky islands of the Great and Little Cumbræ occupy the middle of the Frith, about fourteen or fifteen miles below Greenock; to the right lies the larger island of Bute; and farther on the still larger island of Arran. The hills on the Argyshire side of the Frith are generally bold and precipitous: those on the Ayrshire side are of much less elevation. The character of all the places "down the water" is almost identical: they consist of a row of houses, generally detached villas or cottages, reathing along the shore, at only a few yards' distance from the water, with the hills rising immediately behind. The beach is not very convenient for bathing, being generally rocky; though here and there we find a strip of yellow sand. Trees and shrubs grow in the richest way down to the water's edge. The trees are numerous, and luxuriant rather than large; oaks predominate; we should say few of them are a hundred years old. Ivy and honeysuckle grow in profusion: for several miles along the coast, near Largs, there is a perpendicular wall of rock from fifty to one hundred feet in height, which follows the windings of the shore at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the water, inclosing between itself and the sea a long ribbon of fine soil, on which shrubs, flowers, and fruit grow luxuriantly; and this natural rampart, which advances and retreats as we pursue the road at its base, like the bastions and curtains of some magnificent feudal castle, is in many places clad with ivy, so fresh and green that we can hardly believe that for months in the year it is wet with the salt spray of the Atlantic. Here and there, along the coast, are places where the land is capable of cultivation for a mile or two inland; but, as the rule, the hill ascends almost from the water's edge into granite and heather.

Let us try to remember the names of the places which reach along the Frith upon either hand: we believe that a list of them will

show that not without reason it is said that Glasgow is unrivalled in the number of her sea-side retreats. On the right hand, as we go down the Frith, there are Helensburg, Row, Roseneath, Shandon, Gareloch-head, Cove, Kilcreggan, Lochgoil-head, Arrochar, Ardentinny, Strone, Kilmun, Kirn, Dunoon, Inellan, Toward, Port Bannatyne, Rothesay, Askog, Colintrave, Tynabruach. Sometimes these places form for miles one long range of villas. Indeed, from Strone to Toward, ten or twelve miles, the coast is one continuous street. On the left hand of the Frith are Gourrock, Ashton, Inverkip, Wemyss Bay, Skelmorlie, Largs, Fairlie: then comes a bleak range of sandy coast, along which stand Ardoosan, Troon, and Ayr. In the island of Cumbræ is Millport, conspicuous by the tall spire which marks the site of an Episcopal chapel and college of great architectural beauty, built within the last few years. And in Arran are the villages of Lamlush and Brodick. The two Cumbræ islands constitute a parish. A simple-minded clergyman, not long deceased, who held the cure for many years, was wont, Sunday by Sunday, to pray (in the church service) for "the islands of the Great and Little Cumbræ, and also for the *adjacent islands* of Great Britain and Ireland."

But all this while the steam has been fiercely chafing through the funnel as we have been stopping at Gourrock quay. We are away at last, and are now crossing the Frith towards the Argyshire coast. A mile or two down, along the Ayrshire side, backed by the rich woods of Ardgowan, tall and spectral-white, stands the Cloch light-house. We never have looked at it without thinking how many a heart-broken emigrant* must be remembering that severely-simple white tower as almost the last thing he saw in Scotland when he was leaving it forever. The Frith opens before us as we advance; we are running at the rate (quite

* The attachment of the Highlanders to their native country is such that hardly any earthly consideration can induce them to leave it. And in Canada, hundreds of families, now in the third generation of emigrants, cling to the name of Highlanders, and are such in heart.

"From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are
grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!"

usual among Clyde steamers) of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour. There, before us, is Cumbræ; over Bute and over Cumbræ look the majestic mountains of Arran; that great granite peak is Goat-fell. And on a clear day, far out, guarding the entrance to the Frith, rising sheer up from the deep sea, at ten miles' distance from the nearest land, looms Ailsa, white with sea-birds, towering to the height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. It is a rocky islet of about a mile in circumference, and must have been thrown up by volcanic agency; for the water around it is hundreds of feet in depth.

Out in the middle of the Frith we can see the long, low, white line of buildings on either side of it, nestling at the foot of the hills. We are drawing near Dunoon. That opening on the right is the entrance to Loch Long and Loch Goyle; and a little further on we pass the entrance to the Holy Loch, on whose shore is the ancient burying-place of the family of Argyle. How remarkably tasteful many of these villas are! They are generally built in the Elizabethan style: they stand in grounds varying from half an acre up to twenty or thirty acres, very prettily laid out with shrubbery and flowers; a number (we can see, for we are now skirting the Argyshire coast at the distance of only a few hundred yards) have conservatories and hot-houses of more or less extent: flag-staffs appear to be much affected (for send a landsman to the coast, and he is sure to become much more marine than a sailor): and those pretty bow-windows, with the crimson fuchsias climbing up them—those fantastic gables and twisted chimneys—those shining evergreens and cheerful gravel walks—with no lack of pretty girls in round hats, and sportive children rolling about the trimly-kept grass plots—all seen in this bright August sunshine—all set off against this blue smiling expanse of sea—make a picture so gay and inviting, that we really do not wonder any more that Glasgow people should like to "go down the water."

Here is Dunoon pier. Several of the coast places have, like Dunoon, a long jetty of wood running out a considerable distance into the water, for the accommodation of the steamers, which call every hour or two throughout the day. Other places have deep water close inshore, and are provided with a wharf of stone. And several of the

recently founded villages (and half of those we have enumerated have sprung up within the last ten years) have no landing-place at which steamers can touch; and *their* passengers have to land and embark by the aid of a ferry-boat. We touch the pier at last: a gangway is hastily thrown from the pier to the steamer, and in company with many others we go ashore. At the landward end of the jetty, detained there by a barrier of twopence each of toll, in round hats and alpaca dresses, are waiting our friend's wife and children, from whom we receive a welcome distinguished by that frankness which is characteristic of Glasgow people. But we do not intend so far to imitate the fashion of some modern tourists and biographers, as to give our readers a description of our friend's house and family, his appearance and manners. We shall only say of him what will never single him out—for it may be said of hundreds more—that he is a wealthy, intelligent, well-informed, kind-hearted Glasgow merchant. And if his daughters *did* rather bore us by their enthusiastic descriptions of the sermons of "our minister," Mr. Macduff, the still grander orations of Mr. Caird, and the altogether unexampled eloquence of Dr. Cumming, why, they were only showing us a thoroughly Glasgow feature; for nowhere in Britain, we should fancy, is there so much talk about preaching and preachers.

In sailing down the Frith, one gets no just idea of the richness and beauty of its shores. We have said that a little strip of fine soil—in some places only fifty or sixty yards in breadth—runs like a ribbon, occasionally broadening out to three or four times that extent, along the sea-margin; beyond this ribbon of ground come the wild moor and mountain. In sailing down the Frith, our eye is caught by the large expanse of moorland, and we do not give due importance to the rich strip which bounds it, like an edging of gold lace (to use King James' comparison) round a russet petticoat. When we land we understand things better. We find next the sea, at almost any point along the Frith, the turnpike road, generally nearly level, and beautifully smooth. Here and there, in the places of older date, we find quite a street of contiguous houses; but the general rule is of detached dwellings of all grades, from the humblest cottage to the

most luxurious villa. At considerable intervals, there are residences of a much higher class than even this last, whose grounds stretch for long distances along the shore. Such places are Ardgowan, Kelley, Skelmorlie Castle, and Kelburne, on the Ayrshire side; and on the other shore of the Frith, Roseneath Castle, Toward Castle, and Mountstuart.* And of dwellings of a less ambitious standing than these really grand abodes, yet of a mark much above that suggested by the word villa, we may name the very showy house of Mr. Napier, the eminent maker of marine steam-engines, on the Gareloch, a building in the Saracenic style, which cost we are afraid to say how many thousand pounds; the finely-placed castle of Mr. Wilson Broun of Wemyss, built from the design of Billings; and the very striking piece of baronial architecture called Knock Castle, the residence of Mr. Steel, a wealthy shipbuilder of Greenock. The houses along the Frith are, in Scotch fashion, built exclusively of stone, which is obtained with great facility. Along the Ayrshire coast, the warm-looking red sandstone of the district is to be had everywhere, almost on the surface. One sometimes sees a house rising, the stone being taken from a deep quarry close to it: the same crane often serving to lift a block from the quarry, and to place it in its permanent position upon the advancing wall. We have said how rich is vegetation all along the Frith, until we reach the sandy downs from Ardrossan to Ayr. All evergreens grow with great rapidity: ivy covers dead walls very soon. To understand in what luxuriance vegetable life may be maintained close to the sea-margin, one must walk along the road which leads from the West Bay at Dunoon towards Toward. We never saw trees so covered with honeysuckle; and fuchsias a dozen feet in height are quite common. In this sweet spot, in an Elizabethan house of exquisite design, retired within grounds where fine taste has done its utmost, resides, during the summer vacation (and the summer vacation is six months!), Mr. Buchanan, the Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. It must be a very fair thing to teach logic at

* Ardgowan, residence of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; Kelly, Mr. Scott; Skelmorlie, the Earl of Eglinton; Kelburne, the Earl of Glasgow; Roseneath, the Duke of Argyll; Toward, Mr. Kirkwall Finlay; Mountstuart, the Marquis of Bute.

Glasgow, if the revenue of that chair maintains the groves and flowers, and (we may add) the liberal hospitalities, of Ardfillane.

One pleasing circumstance about the Frith of Clyde, which we remark the more from its being unhappily the exception to the general rule in Scotland, is the general neatness and ecclesiastical character of the churches. The parish church of Dunoon, standing on a wooded height rising from the water, with its gray tower looking over the trees, is a dignified and commanding object. The churches of Roseneath and Row, which have been built within a year or two, are correct and elegant specimens of ecclesiastical Gothic: indeed, they are so thoroughly *like* churches, that John Knox would assuredly have pulled them down had they been standing in his day. And here and there along the coast the rich Glasgow merchants and the neighboring proprietors have built pretty little chapels, whose cross-crowned gables, steep-pitched roofs, dark oak wood-work, and stained windows, are pleasant indications that old prejudice has given away among cultivated Scotchmen; and that it has come to be understood that it is false religion as well as bad taste and sense to make God's house the shabbiest, dirtiest, and most uncomfortable house in the parish. Some of these sea-side places of worship are crowded in summer by a fashionable congregation, and comparatively deserted in winter when the Glasgow folks are gone.

A very considerable number of the families that go "down the water" occupy houses which are their own property. There must be, one would think, a special interest about a house which is one's own. A man must become attached to a spot where he himself planted the hollies and yews, and his children have marked their growth year by year. Still, many people do not like to be tied to one place, and prefer varying their quarters each season. Very high rents are paid for good houses on the Frith of Clyde. From thirty to fifty pounds a month is a common charge for a neat villa at one of the last founded and most fashionable places. A little less is charged for the months of August and September than for June and July; and if a visitor takes a house for the four months which constitute *the season*, he may generally have it for

May and October without further cost. Decent houses, or parts of houses (*flats* as they are called), may be had for about ten pounds a month; and at those places which approach to the character of a town, as Largs, Rothesay, and Dunoon, lodgings may be obtained where attendance is provided by the people of the house.

A decided drawback about the sea-side places within twenty miles from Greenock, is their total want of that fine sandy beach, so firm and dry and inviting when the tide is out, which forms so great an attraction at Ardrossan, Troon, and Ayr. At a few points, as for instance the West Bay at Dunoon, there is a beautiful expanse of yellow sand: but as a rule, where the shore does not consist of precipitous rocks, sinking at once into deep water, it is made of great rough stones, which form a most unpleasant footing for bathers. In front of most villas a bathing place is formed by clearing the stones away. Bathing machines, we should mention, are quite unknown upon the Frith of Clyde.

So much for the locality which is designated by the phrase, *Down the Water*: and now we can imagine our readers asking what kind of life Glasgow people lead there. Of course there must be a complete breaking-up of all city ways and habits, and a general return to a simpler and more natural mode of living. Our few days at Dunoon, and a few days more at two other places on the Frith, were enough to give us some insight into the usual order of things. By seven or half-past seven o'clock in the morning the steam is heard by us, as we are snug in bed, fretting through the waste-pipe of the early boat for Glasgow; and with great complacency we picture to ourselves the unfortunate business-men, with whom we had a fishing excursion last night, already up, and breakfasted, and hurrying along the shore towards the vessel which is to bear them back to the counting-house and the Exchange. Poor fellows! They sacrifice a good deal to grow rich. At each village along the shore the steamer gets an accession to the number of her passengers; for the most part of trim, close-shaved, well-dressed gentlemen, of sober aspect and not many words; though here and there comes some whiskered and mustached personage, with a shirt displaying a pattern of ballet-

dancers, a shooting coat of countless pockets, and trousers of that style which, in our college days, we used to call *loud*. A shrewd bank-manager told us that he always made a mental memorandum of such individuals, in case they should ever come to him to borrow money. Don't they wish they may get it! The steamer parts with her entire freight at Greenock, whence an express train rapidly conveys our friends into the heat and smoke of Glasgow. Before ten o'clock all of them are at their work. For us, who have the day at our own disposal, we have a refreshing dip in the sea at rising, then a short walk, and come in to breakfast with an appetite foreign to Paper Buildings. It is quite a strong sensation when the post appears about ten o'clock, bearing tidings from the toiling world we have left behind. Those families who have their choice dine at two o'clock—an excellent dinner hour when the day is not a working one: the families whose male members are in town, sometimes postpone the most important engagement of the day till their return at six or half-past six o'clock. As for the occupations of the day, there are boating and yachting, wandering along the beach, lying on the heather looking at Arran through the sun-mist, lounging into the reading-room, dipping into any portion of *The Times* except the leading articles, turning over the magazines, and generally enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Fishing is in high favor, especially among the ladies. Hooks baited with mussels are sunk to the ground by leaden weights (the fishers are in a boat), and abundance of whittings are caught when the weather is favorable. We confess we don't think the employment ladylike. Sticking the mussels upon the hooks is no work for fair fingers; neither is the pulling the captured fish off the hooks. And, even in the pleasantest company, we cannot see anything very desirable in sitting in a boat, all the floor of which is covered by unhappy whittings and codlings flapping about in their last agony. Many young ladies row with great vigor and adroitness. And as we walk along the shore in the fading twilight, we often hear, from boats invisible in the gathering shadows, music mellowed by the distance into something very soft and sweet. The lords of the creation have come back by the late

boats; and we meet *Pater-familias* enjoying his evening walk, surrounded by his children, shouting with delight at having their governor among them once more. No wonder that, after a day amid the hard matter-of-fact of business life, he should like to hasten away to the quiet fireside and the loving hearts by the sea.

Few are the hard-wrought men who cannot snatch an entire day from business sometimes; and *then* there is a picnic. Glasgow folk have even more, we believe, than the average share of stiff dinner parties when in town; we never saw people who seemed so completely to enjoy the freshness and absence of formality which characterize the well-assorted entertainment *al fresco*. We were at one or two of these; and we cannot describe the universal gayety and light-heartedness, extending to grave Presbyterian divines and learned Glasgow professors; the blue sea and the smiling sky; the rocky promontory where our feast was spread; its abundance and variety; the champagne which flowed like water; the joviality and cleverness of many of the men; the frankness and pretty faces of *all* of the women.* We had a pleasant yachting excursion one day; and the delight of a new sensation was well exemplified in the intense enjoyment of dinner in the cramped little cabin where one could hardly turn. And great was the sight when our host, with irrepressible pride, produced his preserved meats and vegetables, as for an Arctic voyage, although a messenger sent in the boat which was towing behind could have procured them fresh in ten minutes.

A Sunday at the sea-side, or as Scotch people prefer calling it, a *Sabbath*, is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates,—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. We cannot but reject as apocryphal the explanation of a Glasgow *wut*, that on such occasions poles are projected from the upper windows, upon which young men of business roost until the morning. Late walks, and the spooniest of

* We do not think, from what we have seen, that Glasgow is rich in *beauties*; though pretty faces are very common. Times are improved, however, since the days of the lady who said, on being asked if there were many beauties in Glasgow, "O no; very few; there are only THREE or US."

firtations characterize the Saturday evening. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character durst stop away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore: the shadows of the distant mountains; the smooth sea; the church-bells, faintly heard from across the water; the universal turning-out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. It was almost too much for us to find Dr. Cumming here before us, giving all his old brilliancies to enraptured multitudes. We had hoped he was four hundred and odd miles off; but we resigned ourselves, like the Turk, to what appears an inevitable destiny. This gentleman, we felt, is really one of the institutions of the country, and no more to be escaped than the income-tax.

Morning service over, most people take a walk. This would have been regarded in Scotland a few years since as a profanation of the day. But there is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones; there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week-days, is to-day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no excursion trains, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open: but it is a day of quiet domestic enjoyment, not saddened but hallowed by the recognized sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the sanctity of the *Sabbath* is so ingrained into the nature of most Scotchmen by their early training, that they *could not* enjoy Sunday pleasuring. Their religious sense, their superstition if you choose, would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion.

The Sunday morning service is attended by a crowded congregation: the church is not so full in the afternoon. In some places there is evening service, which is well attended. We shall not forget one pleasant walk, along a quiet road bounded by trees as rich and green as though they grew in Surrey, though the waves were lapping on the rocks twenty yards off, and the sun was going down behind the mountains of Cowal, to a pretty little chapel where we attended evening worship upon our last Sunday on the Clyde.

Every now and then, as we are taking our

saunter by the shore after breakfast, we perceive, well out in the Frith, a steamer decked with as many flags as can possibly be displayed about her rigging. The strains of a band of music come by starts upon the breeze; a big drum is heard beating away when we can hear nothing else; and a sound of howling springs up at intervals. Do not fancy that these things imply that anything is wrong; *that* is merely the way in which working folk enjoy themselves in this country. That steamer has been hired for the day by some wealthy manufacturer, who is giving his "hands" a day's pleasure-sailing. They left Glasgow at seven or eight o'clock: they will be taken probably to Arran, and there feasted to a moderate extent; and at dusk they will be landed at the Broomielaw again. We lament to say that very many Scotch people of the working class seem incapable of enjoying a holiday without getting drunk and uproarious. We do not speak from hearsay, but from what we have ourselves seen. Once or twice we found ourselves on board a steamer crowded with a most disagreeable mob of intoxicated persons, among whom, we grieve to say, we saw many women. The authorities of the vessel appeared entirely to lack both the power and the will to save respectable passengers from the insolence of the "roughs." The Highland fling may be a very picturesque and national dance, but when executed on a crowded deck by a maniacal individual, with puffy face and blood-shot eyes, swearing, yelling, dashing up against peaceable people, and mortally drunk, we should think it should be matter less of aesthetical than of police consideration. Unless the owners of the Clyde steamers wish to drive all decent persons from their boats, they must take vigorous steps to repress such scandalous goings-on as we have witnessed more than once or twice. And we also take the liberty to suggest that the infusion of a little civility into the manner and conversation of some of the steam-boat officials on the quay at Greenock, would be very agreeable to passengers, and could not seriously injure those individuals themselves.

What sort of men are the Glasgow merchants? Why, courteous reader, there are great diversities among them. Almost all we have met give us an impression of shrewd-

ness and strong sense; some, of extraordinary tact and cleverness—though these last are by no means among the richest men. In some cases we found extremely unaffected and pleasing address, great information upon general topics—in short, all the characteristics of the cultivated gentleman. In others there certainly was a good deal of boorishness; and in one or two instances, a tendency to the use of oaths which in this country have long been unknown in good society. The reputed wealth of some Glasgow men is enormous, though we think it not unlikely that there is a great deal of exaggeration as to that subject. We did, however, hear it said that one firm of iron merchants realized for some time profits to the extent of nearly four hundred thousand a-year. We were told of an individual who died worth a million, all the produce of his own industry and skill; and one hears incidentally of such things as five-hundred-pound bracelets, thousand-guinea necklaces, and other appliances of extreme luxury, as not unknown among the fair dames of Glasgow.

And so, in idle occupations, and in glean-

ing up particulars as to Glasgow matters according to our taste wherever we went, our sojourn upon the Frith of Clyde pleasantly passed away. We left our hospitable friends, not without a promise that when the Christmas holidays come we should visit them once more, and see what kind of thing is the town life of the winter time in that warm-hearted city. And we shall certainly go,—for ten hours and a half will take us,—unless in the interim we should be appointed Attorney-General, which we should have been long ago if preferment at the bar went according to merit. We think it very likely that a few days in Glasgow then may make us acquainted with some Scotch manners and customs, some talk about which may prove interesting to the readers of *Fraser*. And, meanwhile, as the days shorten to chill November,—as the clouds of London smoke drift by our windows,—as the Thames runs muddy through this mighty hum and bustle away to the solitudes of its last level,—we recall that cheerful time with a most agreeable recollection of the kindness of Glasgow friends,—and of all that is implied in *Glasgow Down the Water*.

PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC OF METEORIC STONES.—There is one character which is peculiar in the meteoric stone, and which proves to be of high significance, viz: its substance is composed of various mineral ingredients which are identical with matters of familiar occurrence upon the earth; but amidst these iron is found in great abundance as it is never found on the earth; that is, in a native or nearly pure metallic and uncombined state. On the terrestrial surface iron is always mingled with diverse matters, from which it has to be extracted by art when it is required as a pure metal. The omnipresent and corrosive oxygen of the air alone prevents it from maintaining such condition long; this rusts and eats it away. Oxygen and iron have so irresistibly strong an attraction or affinity for each other that they invariably combine when they are left together. Thus, then, the unoxidized and purely metallic condition of iron in the aerolite proves that it comes from a situation in which there is no oxygen; that is, from beyond the bounds of the atmosphere, and that it is, therefore, altogether unterrestrial.

EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION FROM A GRAIN OF WHEAT.—There is a poor, dry, and wrinkled kernel cast into the ground; and there it lieth, swelleth, breaketh, and, one would think, perisheth. But behold, it re-

ceiveth life, it chippeth, it putteth forth a blade, and groweth into a stalk. There also appeareth an ear: it also sweetly blossoms, with a full kernel in the ear. It is the same wheat, yet behold how the fashion doth differ from what was sown! And our *brown* will be left behind, when we rise again. The body ariseth, as to the nature of it, the self-same nature; but as to the manner of it, how far transcendent! "The glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial another!"—*John Bunyan*.

Flemish Interiors. By the Author of "A Glance Behind the Grilles." Longman and Co.

THE interiors described in this interesting little work are those of the religious houses of Belgium. The account is varied with sketches of scenery, extremely well drawn; incidents of travel, often very entertaining; and clever and amusing portraits of characters of note. The book is a very attractive one; the style that of a scholar and man of refinement. No tourist in Belgium, whether seriously interested in the pious institutions of that country, or only actuated by the ordinary curiosity of a rambler on the continent, could take a more agreeable or useful companion along with him than the volume before us.—*Examiner*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP AND THE PROSCRIBED PLAYS.

PREVIOUS to the tenth year of the reign of George II., the dramatic censorship as a state institution had no legal existence in England. From the reign of Henry VIII., indeed, a control of stage-performances was exercised by the lord-chamberlain or master of the revels; but this authority was not recognized by law. It was as much an encroachment upon the public liberties, on the part of the sovereign, as the power he claimed to create monopolies; and it is owing probably to the circumstance of its being, if not vexatiously—for this it could not fail to be—but at least sparingly exercised, that it was, for the most part, patiently submitted to by those who might have legally resisted it. It is not until the reign of Charles II. that the first recorded instance occurs of the performance of a play being prohibited by the lord-chamberlain. This honor of priority belongs to the *Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which was followed soon afterwards by Lee's *Lucius Junius Brutus* and Dryden's *Prologue* to the *Prophetess*. In the reign of Queen Anne, the tragedy of *Mary Queen of Scots* was interdicted by the same authority, and apparently, like its predecessors, upon political grounds. The next best play that suffered from the censor's shears was Cibber's alteration of *Richard III.*; but in this instance, at least, we can almost pardon the master of the revels for the way in which he exercised his assumed authority. "When *Richard III.*, as altered from Shakspeare," says Cibber in his *Apology*, "came from his (the master's) hands to the stage, he had expunged the whole first act without sparing a line. This extraordinary stroke of a *sic volo* occasioned my applying to him for the small indulgence of a speech or two, that the other four acts might limp on with a little less absurdity. No; he had not leisure to consider what might be separately inoffensive. He had an objection to the whole act; and the reason he gave for it was, that the distresses of King Henry, who is killed by Richard in the first act, would put weak people too much in mind of King James, then living in France."

A much more memorable instance, however, which occurred a few years later, in

the prohibition of Gay's opera of *Polly*, interfered so offensively with the rights of literary property, as to excite general disgust and dissatisfaction. *Polly*, which Gay intended as a sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, had been accepted by Mr. Rich, and everything was ready for rehearsal, when the lord-chamberlain sent an order from the country, prohibiting the manager from rehearsing the play until it had been first of all supervised by his grace. In his preface to the published opera, Gay gives the following account of the suppression of the piece:

"It was on Saturday morning, December 7, 1728, that I waited upon the lord-chamberlain. I desired to have the honor of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned upon the Monday following; but I had it not till Thursday, December 12, when I received it from his grace with this answer: '*That it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed.*' This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence."

He proceeds to state that, subsequently to the prohibition, he had been told that he was accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected and seditious pamphlets; and he ascribes the suppression of his opera rather to the ill feeling which this false accusation had excited against him at court than to any obnoxious passages in the opera itself, although there were not wanting those who also charged him with having filled his piece with slander against particular great persons. There seems reason to believe that the suppression of *Polly* originated in hostile feelings towards the author; for the piece contains nothing calculated to give offence beyond such general strokes of satire as had delighted the town in the *Beggar's Opera*; and the moral of it is perfectly unexceptionable, for Macheath, who is reprieved, in defiance of the laws of poetical justice, in the first opera, is regularly hanged in the second.

The arbitrary proceedings of the chamberlain excited, as we have said, general disgust. The indignation of the people was roused by an act of oppression which interfered at once with their own amusements and with the rights of individuals: and on

the publication of the opera by subscription, the sympathy universally felt for the author is said to have fully indemnified him for the pecuniary loss he had sustained by the exclusion of his production from the stage. That pecuniary loss, however, could not be estimated with any degree of certainty. Gay was in the zenith of his reputation; he had just realized upwards of £2000 by an opera of which the success had been unprecedented, and he had a fair right to expect a considerable accession of fortune from a piece which, whatever may have been said of its inferiority to the *Beggar's Opera*, abounds in strokes of pleasantry not unworthy of its author, and is in its lyrical parts fully equal to his more celebrated production. It is as an invasion of literary property that the lord-chamberlain's arbitrary and illegal suppression of this opera appears in the most odious light; and it is by considering in this point of view the act which established the existence of the dramatic censorship, that we are enabled to form a correct estimate of the unjust and oppressive character of the measure.

This measure was introduced into the House of Commons, by Sir Robert Walpole, on the 24th of May, 1737. It bore to be a "Bill to explain and amend so much of the 12th of Anne, entitled an Act for the more effectual punishing of Rogues, Vagabonds, Sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants, as relates to Common Players of Interludes." The history of the bill is curious. A farce called the *Golden Rump*, said to be fraught with sedition and abuse of the government, had been offered to the manager of one of the theatres, who, either with a view of recommending himself to the minister, or of obtaining some reward for his forbearance, immediately put the manuscript into the hands of Walpole. Walpole, who had long been annoyed with the freedom with which the measures of the administration had been attacked and ridiculed in theatrical productions, determined on making this farce of the *Golden Rump* a pretext for subjecting stage-performances to a system of control which should effectually relieve the government from all further annoyance of a similar description. He accordingly, after reading a number of extracts from this manuscript farce, introduced the measure by which the number of playhouses is limited and an

arbitrary power is vested in the lord-chamberlain to expunge a part, or suppress the whole, of any dramatic pieces which may be offered for representation on the stage. The measure, though in a constitutional point of view it was one of no ordinary importance, since it gave to an officer of the household, as was observed by Lord Chesterfield in his celebrated speech on the second reading of the bill, a more absolute power than we intrust even to the sovereign—though it aimed, indirectly, a blow at the liberty of the press—though it imposed shackles on a branch of our literature, and created a monopoly in theatrical property, as objectionable on general principles of commercial policy as it is injurious to the interests of the monopolists themselves—appears to have passed without much opposition. The speech of Lord Chesterfield on the second reading of the bill is the only evidence which remains to us of its having met with any opposition in its progress through the Houses. In the Commons, it seems to have been hurried through its several stages with as much precipitation and as little discussion as an ordinary turnpike bill. It was ordered to be brought in on the 20th of May, 1737. It was read a first time on the 24th, a second time on the 25th, committed and ordered to be reported, with its amendments, on the 26th, reported—all the amendments but one being agreed to—on the 27th, and passed on the 1st of June, when Mr. Pelham was ordered to carry it to the Lords. In the Lords, it was read a first time on the same day, a second time, after a debate, on the 2d of June, and the third time on the 6th of June. It was returned to the Commons on the 8th, and received the royal assent on the 21st.

Such is the history of the playhouse bill, as it has been handed down to us by the younger Walpole. It was ostensibly introduced for the purpose of improving, or raising new securities for the morality of the stage, and left the stage precisely what it was before. The power of supervision vested in the lord-chamberlain is expressly limited to new plays and to new scenes or additions made to old ones—a limitation well enough calculated to suppress theatrical pasquinades of a political description, and to cut off for the future this source of political annoyance; but it left all the licentiousness and immorality to be found in our dramatic literature,

from the rise of the English stage down to the 24th of June, 1737, wholly untouched. It left the managers of theatres at perfect liberty to reproduce all the filth and obscenity scattered with no unsparing hand over the writings of our older dramatists; it left them at liberty to perform, without stint or curtailment, the plays of more modern writers, from which the sturdy nonjuror, Jeremy Collier, in his *View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, had collected a mass of passages which could not be denied to afford ample color for his charge. If the stage, therefore, has become more pure, the improvement cannot be ascribed to the efficacy of a measure which left all its impurities uncorrected; if at the present day the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve are excluded from the stage, the exclusion is not to be ascribed to the virtuous discrimination of lord-chamberlains or their deputies, but to the refinement—we had almost said the fastidiousness—of the public taste. About thirty years ago, an attempt was made by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre to revive some of the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber, after they had been subjected to such expurgatory alterations as seemed calculated to quiet the most scrupulous morality and to appease the fiercest virtue. The comedies were admirably acted, but the attempt failed; for the wit of these writers, after all that could be effected in the way of thinning its luxuriance, was found to be too strongly impregnated with licentiousness to be tolerated by a modern audience.

Whether, as a political security, the play-house bill is at all more efficacious than as a moral security, we shall enable the reader to judge, by bringing under his notice some of the more prominent instances in which the power of the censor has been exercised. Unfortunately, no portion of the *Golden Rump* has been preserved, by which we can judge how much danger to the government was averted by its timely suppression. But although unfortunate in this respect, we have still the means of judging of the species of dramatic composition which really excited the fears of the government in Brooke's tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*, the performance of which was prohibited, by order of the lord-chamberlain, in the year 1739, when the play had arrived at the last rehearsal.

The subject of this tragedy is the successful attempt, on the part of Gustavus, to wrest the Swedish crown from Christian of Denmark. At a time when a pretender to the throne of these kingdoms existed, the lord-chamberlain might perhaps have considered it prudent to object generally to the subject of this play, without reference to the manner in which the author had treated it; but it is most probable that the prohibition of *Gustavus Vasa* was occasioned by particular passages in the drama, in which liberal and patriotic sentiments were too prominently introduced to be palatable to the existing government. The following are, in all probability, some of the passages which gave the greatest offence:

"The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-stained ministry were loosed to ruin."

"He has debauched the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,
Or fettered in their fears."

Some passages might be regarded with the more alarm, as they were not encumbered with any precise meaning:

"A cause like ours is its own sacrament:
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
Th' eternal links that clasp the world, are in
it;
And he who breaks their sanction breaks all
law,
And infinite connection."

"Here I take my stand!

Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin on-
ward;

Here will I fix and breast me to the shock
Till I or Denmark fall."

These speeches certainly savor a little of "hydrostatics and other inflammatory branches of learning;" but an audience whose loyalty could withstand the tirades of *Ancient Pistol*, against which the legislature afforded no protection, might well enough, we should think, have escaped uncontaminated by such patriotic effusions. Besides, the effect of passages of this description is sufficiently counteracted by many others of a most unexceptionable tendency: of these we shall give but one example. Gustavus, though in the guise of a copper-miner, and though fully participating in the toils of his fellow-laborers, for

"His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop
Of painful industry—"

is nevertheless described as striking everybody with that undefinable awe which legitimate sovereigns are apt to inspire :

"Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion—

Six moons have changed upon the face of night
Since here he first arrived in servile weeds,
But yet of men majestic I observed him,
And ever, as I gazed, some nameless charm,
A wondrous greatness not to be concealed,
Broke through his form, and awed my soul
before him."

In short, the copper-miners of Daiecarlia, in the tragedy, distinguished the monarch in his mining-jacket as plainly as the lady in the farce could see the gentleman through the coarsest corduroys.

For the rest, though there are some few spirited passages in this tragedy, it is too deficient in dramatic incident to be effective on the stage, and it is, upon the whole, much too feeble a production to justify the alarm or to excite the hostility of a government, except, perhaps, on the grounds we have adverted to, which, however, have ceased to exist with the extinction of the family of the Stuarts. There was no lack of zeal at this time on the part of the dramatic censor in exercising his new functions, for in the same year Thomson's *Edward and Eleanor* was suppressed—upon what grounds, Johnson observes, it would be hard to discover. Three reasons may be assigned for the suppression of this play, however little they may justify such an exercise of authority ; in the first place, Thomson had rendered himself obnoxious to the ministry by his poem of *Liberty* ; secondly, the tragedy was partly written for the purpose of eulogizing the Prince of Wales, who held no part in the affections of his royal father ; and thirdly, it contains many such alarming passages as the following :

" Besides, who knows what evil counsellors
Are gathered round the throne ! In times
like these,
Disturbed and low'ring with unsettled freedom,
One step to lawless power, one bold attempt
Renewed, the least infringement on our charters
Would in the giddy nation raise a tempest."

" A nobler office far ! on the firm base
Of well-proportioned liberty to build
The common quiet, happiness, and glory
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.
To you, my prince, this task of right belongs.

Has not the royal heir a juster claim
To share his father's inmost heart and counsels,
Than aliens to his interest, those who make
A property, a market of his honor ? "

Of the prohibition of Foote's play of *The Trip to Calais*, which was obtained through the influence of the Duchess of Kingston with the lord-chamberlain, we shall only observe that it places in a striking light the arbitrary nature of the power intrusted to that officer. If the Duchess of Kingston could have proved that her character was libelled in this play by evidence of the intention of the author to ridicule her in the part of Lady Kitty Crocodile, the courts of law were open to her for redress. But there could have been no foundation in this case for the lord-chamberlain's arbitrary invasion of the rights of property, except the private communication of the duchess' belief that she was the person satirized by the dramatist ; which belief might have been entirely unfounded, and was not sustained by any positive evidence on the face of the drama.

In the year 1823, the tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* was for some time withheld from the stage, in consequence, we presume, of the objections entertained by the deputy censor to the subject of the play ; for when the piece was at length allowed to be performed, it was evident that there was nothing in the author's mode of dramatizing the story of the Roman tribune which could possibly have offended the most captious censor or alarmed the most timid politician. The next play, however, and the last we shall now notice, on which the censor exercised his shears with a vigor which led to its withdrawal from representation, was made of sterner stuff : we allude to the late Sir Martin (then Mr.) Shee's tragedy of *Alasco*. On this occasion, it should seem—from a spirited remonstrance addressed by Mr. Shee to the lord-chamberlain on the conduct of his deputy, a functionary who, be it remembered, is commonly selected from a class of persons, the *genus irritabile vatum*, not the least likely to be influenced by literary prejudices and prepossessions, or to discover a want of temper and impartiality in passing judgment on the productions of their contemporaries—that the hostility shown by this subordinate officer to the tragedy of *Alasco* was probably axasperated, if not

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

occasioned, by a passage in the play which he might have construed into an attack upon his official dignity :

"Why, if there were some slanderous tool of state,
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy."

It is hardly necessary to observe that this was one of the passages expunged by Colman. We will add a few others which underwent the same fate, that it may be seen how much the state was indebted to that officer for the vigilant discharge of his inquisitorial functions :

"What little skill the patriot sword requires,
Our zeal may boast in midnight vigils schooled.

Those deeper tactics well contrived to work,
The mere machinery of mercenary war
We shall not need whose hearts are in the fray—

Who for ourselves, our homes, our country fight,
And feel in every blow we strike for freedom."

"To brook dishonor from a knave in place."

"When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well
Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.

May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one !"

"'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression:
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
And self-defence to strike at a usurper."

"Hell's hot blisters on the backs
They turn so basely !"

The last instance of erasure—there are sev-

eral more of the same description—is curious, seeing that it proceeded from the pen of the author of *Broad Grins, My Nightgown and Slippers, and Poetical Vagaries*. There is no class of functionaries, according to the proverb, so skilful in apprehending delinquents as those who have most assiduously cultivated the art of making other men's property their own ; and it is upon this principle, we presume, that the extreme fastidiousness of the deputy-censor in the case of Sir Martin's tragedy is to be accounted for. He detects an exceptionable expression, and makes, where he does not find, an indecent allusion, with that excess of purity and superlative display of delicacy which could belong only to a practised offender against the laws of decency and decorum.

We have now run over some of the most remarkable dramatic productions which have been suppressed upon political grounds, and have given a fair specimen of the most formidable passages in these productions, and would ask, in conclusion, whether it can be reasonably inferred that the state has ever gained by their suppression ; and, above all, what the government is likely to gain, in the present times, and in the present state of public taste and feeling with regard to theatrical performances, by the continued exercise of the arbitrary power intrusted to the dramatic censor.

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—Has T. W. ever observed the growth of wild camomile in places where habitations have been, sometimes marking the precise ground-plan of the buildings ? I have repeatedly noticed these square patches in various parts of England, and I have reason to think that in more than one instance they mark the site of buildings belonging to a *very remote period* ; in one instance that of a Roman villa. I do not pretend to account for this, but I think it might be a guide to the archaeologist in making excavations.—*Notes and Queries.*

NOVEL METEOROLOGICAL THEORY.—The late fearful inundations in France have set the philosophers and savans of Paris to speculating upon the probable causes of a calamity which, with more or less violence, afflicts the country periodically. At a late sitting of the Academy of Science, an essay was read on the subject, in which the idea was advanced that the overflows of the rivers are chiefly occasioned by the

sirocco from Africa. It is conjectured that the hot blast in its course over the sea causes a rapid and copious evaporation, and that the vapors are carried by it and finally condensed amid the cold atmosphere of the mountains in the centre, east and south of France, where they descend and flow into the plains and valleys in fierce torrents, whose volume is swollen by the waters of the melting snows. This is at least an ingenious and plausible theory, whatever may be its practical value.

DEER HUNTING.—Three large parties from this county are now upon their regular deer hunt in the North Mountains. The Brown's Cove party is at Buffalo Gap and the Charlottesville party at Crawford's. The hunt commenced on Monday morning. Friday and Saturday last were spent in pheasant shooting. The Charlottesville party killed eight deer on Monday and five on Tuesday.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Advocate.*

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From Fraser's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK PERTHES.*

THERE is perhaps no sort of reading more improving than biography, when the biography is a true, genuine book, and presents a real picture of the man—not a romance written in his name. The real history of a man's life, both with reference to the outward world and the development of his own mind and soul, whether it serves as an example or as a warning, is perhaps the best sermon that can be presented to us. The book before us belongs to this class; it is written with extreme simplicity, and bears internal evidence of truth. No man can lay it down, we think, without experiencing a certain feeling of exultation, a thrill of satisfaction, over the simple history of a noble-minded man, whose whole life affords an elevating picture of human nature. Born to great poverty, and neither seeking nor attaining worldly distinctions, but studious only to follow his vocation as a publisher of books with all rigor and fidelity, Frederick Perthes has left a history which cannot fail to exert a very wide-spread influence over his countrymen, an influence, too, which cannot be limited to his native land, for every ardent man striving after good must recognize in him a brother and a guide.

The essential difference between German biographies, and those of any other nation, is that they treat always of the inner rather than the outward life. In whatever circumstances a German may be cast, and whether Christianity or Philosophy be his guide, the culture of the inner being is his first object, and the aim of all his strivings. We think this quality gives a deep and peculiar interest to a German biography, very different from the feelings with which we read the semi-historic series of anecdotes and adventures which we are accustomed to in memoirs at home. The candor with which they lay bare their own faults, and the searching manner in which they investigate their own strength and weakness, are especially instructive to ourselves, little accustomed to such mental training; though, carried too far, it may end in a sort of intellectual selfishness. Perthes, however, has nothing self-

ish or egotistical about him: with him action is never lost in meditation; he lived all his life, but his happy domestic ties, and his public business life, were both subservient in his eyes to the culture of that immortal part which shall live forever. The quality which pervades the book from beginning to end is truth, and truth, earnestly sought, is found after a time in a full recognition of the doctrines of Christianity, which, once received, shed a steady light upon his path to the end of his long, useful, and happy life. It is essentially a cheerful book, though dealing of times of woe and disaster; when war and famine were spread like a flood over the Continent, and the French were fulfilling their mission of chastisement on Germany; and when a calamity more devastating than the sword of Napoleon was laying waste the minds of men, and infidelity like a pestilence spread over the land, cutting off from the miserable sufferers all hope of a future;—earth being a mere prison-house of sorrow, and all beyond a blank. In these troublous times Perthes lived, married, brought up a large family, passed a very happy and useful life, and closed his eyes, at peace with God and man, in the year 1843, before the struggles of 1848–49 had convulsed his beloved Germany, and raised the hopes and the fears of the good of both parties; hopes never to be realized—fears only too fully verified.

The ancestors of Perthes appear to have been pastors and physicians for generations in the town of Erfurt; his father, however, held an office in the Court of Rudolf Schwartzburg, one of the petty German Principalities, but died when his son was an infant, leaving his widow and child perfectly destitute, a pension of twenty-one florins being all their worldly possessions. The boy was brought up by the compassionate kindness of an uncle, his mother's brother, and an aunt, an upright and excellent, but rather unlovable personage. To the affectionate care of these two worthy people may be ascribed much of the earnest integrity, the love of good, and hatred of evil, which influenced him through life. His uncle early taught the child to think, and especially to feel and appreciate his own responsibilities; he provided for him such a desultory education as lay within his means, and did all in his power to strengthen and mature his prin-

* *Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843.* From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1866.

ciples. The society of an old military cousin was also very useful to the boy. With this old man he wandered through the Thuringian forest, and followed the wild-fowl up the mountain slopes and through the dark pine forests of that romantic country; often enduring personal hardships, and seeking shelter for nights in the huts of the fowlers. No doubt the solitary intercourse with nature in her grandest aspect, where the Schwartzze rushes through a rocky channel into the Saal, imbued the boy's mind with a love of the noble and lofty, and a contempt for the base and the mean, such as mountain scenery may well inspire; while the historical traditions with which that beautiful valley abounds, fed his passionate love for his country—a love which was the moving principle of his life, and which ennobled and adorned the prosaic routine of trade.

At the age of fourteen, it became necessary to choose a profession for the lad, and having an uncle already in the book trade, it was naturally suggested as a suitable calling, and he was taken to Leipzig, at the time of the great fair, to seek a master. Some of the booksellers despised him on account of his shy manner and slender growth; others, because he could not conjugate the verb *amo*; finally, he found favor in the eyes of a certain Herr Böhme, who having stipulated that he should be sent home for a year to grow, received him as an apprentice. The journey to his new home, after the lapse of a year, is worth transcribing from the original:

"On Sunday, the 9th of September, 1787, the boy of fifteen took his seat in the open mail, to begin the great journey of life. 'In the evening at Saalfeld I felt very sad, he wrote to his uncle, 'but I met with many kind people.' On a cold and rainy day, he passed through Neustadt, Gera, and Zeitz; and on Tuesday, the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, reached his master's house in Leipzig. 'Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago, but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together,' exclaimed Böhme. His wife and her six daughters and little son, as well as an apprentice who had been resident four years, all received him kindly. 'I like Leipzig very much,' wrote Perthes, immediately on his arrival; 'and I hope all will go well, especially as my comrade is a very honest fellow. The young ladies also

seem extraordinarily kind; Frederika, my master's second daughter, came into my room in order, as she said, to drive away fancies and whims.' 'Herewith,' writes his master, 'I have the honor to inform you that young Perthes has arrived safe and in good health. I hope we shall be pleased with each other. His pocket-money, which according to this day's exchange, amounts to one dollar and twenty groschen, I have taken charge of, for we cannot tell into what company he might fall. One request I have to make, and that is, that when in future you favor me with your letters, you will have the goodness to omit the 'Well-born'* on the address, for it is not at all appropriate to me.'

"On the morning after his arrival, the first words young Perthes heard were these: 'Frederick, you must let your hair grow in front to a brush, and behind to a cue, and get a pair of wooden buckles—lay aside your sailor's round hat—a cocked one is ordered.' This once universal custom had latterly disappeared, but Böhme tolerated no new fashions among his apprentices. 'You are not to leave the house, either morning or evening, without my permission. On Sundays you must accompany me to church.' The two apprentices certainly were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Their master's house was in Nicholas-street, and there they had an inner chamber up four pair of stairs, so overcrowded with two beds and stools, the table and the two trunks, which constituted its whole furniture, as scarcely to admit of their turning in it. One little window opened on the roof; in the corner was a small stove, heated during the winter by three small logs of wood, doled out every evening as their allowance. Every morning at six o'clock they both received a cup of tea, and every Sunday, as a provision for the coming week, seven lumps of sugar, and seven halfpence to purchase bread. 'What I find hardest,' said Perthes to his uncle at Schwartzburg, 'is, that I have only a halfpenny roll in the morning—I find this to be scanty allowance. In the afternoon, from one till eight, we have not a morsel—that is what I call hunger; I think we ought to have something.' Dinner and supper they took with the family, plentifully and well: but alas for them when some fat roast with gourd-sauce was set upon the table, for it was a law that whatever was put upon the plate must be eaten."

The difficulties of Perthes' situation were indeed great, and such as required the ex-

* Wohlgeboren—Esquire.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK PERTHES.

ercise of much patience, prudence, and fortitude. The warm-hearted boy felt his isolation deeply, and though writing to his uncle in a spirit of great thankfulness, the following little touch shows how his heart yearned for kindness and for home. In his letter he says :

"Here in a neighboring village, called Gohlis, there is a cowherd, who blows his horn as skilfully as the Schwarzburg trumpeter of yore. I can hear him in my bed, and you cannot imagine what a strange feeling comes over me, in the peculiar kind of sadness to which it gives rise."

- Besides hard work and scanty food, he suffered so dreadfully from cold, that one winter his feet were frost-bitten, and amputation was almost deemed necessary. A severe illness ensued, during which, however, he found a friend and comforter in the shape of his master's daughter, the young Frederika; the good child sat and knitted by him, read to him, and ministered to him in every way she could,—she was his first friend, and afterwards his first love, a sentiment which she did not return; still, when he lay on his death-bed, fifty-five years afterwards, he remembered with gratitude the kindness of that young child; and spoke with thankfulness of the happy influence she had had upon his youth. We would willingly linger on these pages, when the young man's character was formed in the school of adversity, and which offer a very interesting picture of German life at that time, and of the feelings with which the great events in France were received by men of different views and classes. Conservative as he became in his latter years, like many other good men, Perthes hailed the French Revolution of 1792 with joy, as the commencement of a new era, and a step towards perfection, a perfection in the possibility of which he then perfectly believed. But these views, though modified by the difference of country and nationality, are much the same as were held by a pretty wide circle among ourselves; men who had a larger faith in humanity than experience has warranted.

After six years of patient toil, Perthes was released from Leipzig and its narrow influences, and in a more liberal establishment at Hamburg, was able to complete much that was wanting in his own education, and

finally to enter into business on his own account; and few men have dignified their calling more. His first wish in life was to make his profession a means of real usefulness to his country. To disseminate the best books, to encourage the best men, were his first objects; and to make the book-trade a widely spread medium for infusing a vigorous and healthy *German* life through the length and breadth of Germany, was the highest aim of his ambition. And this, too, without any sectarian oneness. An earnest Protestant himself, he could see and sympathize with piety in a Catholic, and love of truth and earnestness in those who differed (very painfully, we think) from either. Earnestness, truthfulness, patriotism, under whatever form they appeared, he would have sacrificed anything to uphold; for the scoffer and the mocker alone he had no tolerance. Brought in those stirring times into contact with all sorts of persons, and on terms of great intimacy with many men of high condition, he remained the simple bookseller, full of self-respect, and with no vulgar craving for social position, or those verbal distinctions so much prized in Germany; and by which men of greater genius have sometimes been dazzled.

In his domestic life he was happy. In Caroline Claudius he had a wife who thoroughly esteemed and loved him—his children prospered—and if sorrow came to his threshold, it did not come in the shape of the want of domestic love and union. Caroline was, in the full sense of the word, a help-mate to him. Gentle, yet heroic, of an ardent, affectionate, yet retiring disposition, loving her husband entirely, though not blindly, and swayed wholly by his mind, she had a clear perception of her own path; and when removed for a time by the vicissitudes of war from his guiding influence, her own clear sense carried her through difficulties, and her strong tender heart supported her through trials, which might have overwhelmed the most energetic. Inheriting from her father Claudius, the author of the well-known *Rhine Song*, a lofty simplicity and contempt for everything mean, it would be difficult to overrate the influence this wise, unselfish woman had on her husband and family. Her appearance is represented as having been very attractive from the united charm of repose and intellect.

She was one who drew all sorts of people to her by the unbounded confidence which she inspired. Simple in her way of life, and, like her countrywomen, devoted to domestic duties, she was yet an accomplished musician, a good modern linguist, and had gone far enough in Latin, subsequently, to assist her sons. On the second of these sons has devolved the honored task of writing these memoirs, and to few men has it been given to record the life of such a father and of such a mother. Caroline's letters to her married daughter, and to her eldest son, in the beginning of the second volume, are examples of motherly wisdom and unselfish, womanly tenderness.

No one town could, perhaps, have afforded a better sphere for enlarging and improving the mind of a young man than Hamburg at this period. After the breaking out of the French Revolution, it had become the refuge of *émigrés* of all shades of political opinion; it was closely connected with England, and English literature was widely circulated; it was also the chosen residence of many Germans of distinction. It contained a French, an English, and a German theatre, the latter managed by Schroeder. Reimarus and Lessing had passed away, but perhaps to their influence may be ascribed somewhat of the liberality and breadth of feeling in literary circles which characterized the place. Amongst the rising generation who differed from him widely in opinion, the aged Klopstock was still often to be seen, his gray hairs honored and respected even by those who differed from him most. Into this society Perthes after a time entered, and more especially in the house of his father-in-law Claudius, found a band of earnest men devoted to the cause of religion and truth. Those were stirring times, calculated to call forth each quality, and a common cause bound together the most opposed. Catholics and Protestants each forgot their differences in a mutual horror of infidelity and scepticism; and politicians the most opposed were united by the fear of a foreign foe. Jacobi, Claudius, the Count Stolberg, the Princess Gallitzin, Baron Fürstenburg, Niebuhr the elder, and occasionally his distinguished son, Count Moltke, Von Hess, and many others, formed each a centre of attraction. Into this circle Perthes found admittance and a welcome, and with many of its members he

formed firm friendships. His shrewd remarks on his celebrated contemporaries are well worthy of notice; and there is a sketch given of the Princess Gallitzin which, though hardly belonging to our narrative, we cannot avoid extracting, as one of the many portraits with which the book abounds:

"The princess, who was the daughter of the Prussian field marshal, Count Schmettau, had received an education calculated only to fit her for entrance into the fashionable world. In 1768, when in her twentieth year, she had accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the baths of Spa, as her maid of honor, and there became acquainted with Prince Gallitzin, to whom, at the end of a few weeks, she was married. In the course of her travels she had acquired some experience of court life in Vienna, Paris, and London, and was then called to play a distinguished part at the Hague, as the consort of the Russian ambassador. Her ambition and vanity were flattered by the homage which her talents no less than her position commanded, but she was nevertheless far from being satisfied with her condition. From her earliest youth she had experienced an earnest desire for the knowledge of the truth, and the attainment of the ideal of moral perfection which ever floated before her in a variety of forms. The distractions of the great world had never quenched this desire. From the unbroken circle of amusements and visiting, of balls and theatrical representations, she returned night after night with a craving after something better, that grew in intensity till it became a torture. She felt a wish to withdraw from society, and to quiet the internal struggle by devoting herself entirely to the acquisition of knowledge and the education of her two children. It is somewhat remarkable that it should have been Diderot who obtained the consent of the Prince to her plan, although the philosopher had been unable to comply with her request, that he would introduce her into the realm of knowledge. At the age of twenty-four, the princess had retired to a small secluded house near the Hague—there, with an energy bordering on passion, to follow out a course of scientific study. Under the guidance of Hemsterhuis,* she gave her whole soul to the study of mathematics, languages, and above all, Greek literature and the Platonic philosophy. Although, from her mother being a Catholic,

* A philosopher and archaeologist, born in Gröningen in 1720. He died in 1790. He presented the philosophy of the sensuous school in a popular garb, and in a higher form than that in which it has been usually presented. He wrote also on the philosophy of religion, and on the fine arts.

she had been brought up in the forms of the Papal Church, yet neither in the form of Catholicism nor in that of Protestantism had she ever come into personal contact with Christianity. So long as she remained at the Hague, she had firmly maintained with Hemsterhuis, that none but the populace really believed the gospel; since it was impossible to have faith in its promises and threatenings, and yet to act in such direct contradiction to its doctrines, as was the almost universal custom. On coming to Münster, she forgave Fürstenburg his Christianity, as a prejudice of education, and on account of her reverence for his great sagacity; but she entreated him not to attempt her conversion, as she could not endure to entertain any thoughts relating to God, except those which God himself had formed in her own heart. In 1783, when she and her physicians alike despaired of her life, she had dismissed the priest whom Fürstenburg had desired to attend her, because she was absolutely without faith in the efficacy or importance of the Sacraments.

"During her long and tedious recovery, she for the first time, and much to her alarm, became alive to the fact, that she was a slave to literary ambition and the pride of learning. 'With this discovery,' she said, 'all pleasure in myself vanished.' About this time her children were of an age to receive religious instruction, and she considered it to be her duty as a mother to impart it. In order at once to preserve her own integrity, and to keep from her children her doubts on the subject of Christianity, she resolved that the instruction should be purely historical. For this purpose she gave herself up to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, reading them by preference in the Latin version. What she had entered on for her children's sake, she soon continued for her own. The truth of Christianity, as set forth in the Scriptures, penetrated her heart; and once convinced, she ever after strove, with all the energies of her powerful mind, to bring her life and actions into the strictest conformity to the truths which she had imbibed. A small but distinguished circle gathered round this extraordinary woman. Fürstenberg brought to it his large culture and wide experience; Overberg, in whose child-like piety and simplicity the penetrating glance of the minister had at once recognised the man destined to carry out his most early and cherished plan for the education of the people, was a favored member of the circle. It was also frequented by some younger men. These were the sons of Baron Droste of Vischering, Kaspar, Max, afterwards Bishop of Münster, and Clement Augustus,

who subsequently became Archbishop of Cologne, with their two brothers and their former tutor, afterwards the Prebendary Katertamp. A woman who, like the Princess Gallitzin, surpassed, in breeding and culture, all her contemporaries of the same rank, and who now linked with her dazzling talents the faith of a little child, could not but make a deep impression on these powerful intellects. Goethe and Lavater, Herder and Hamann,* felt themselves in a like degree, though in different ways, attracted and elevated by this remarkable character."

During the eventful years at the commencement of this century, the trade of Hamburg experienced every possible fluctuation, and each of those great events which followed each other in such rapid succession in Europe exercised an immediate influence on its society. The battles of Jena and Austerlitz, the disasters at Ulm, each were felt as a death-blow; and, above all, the weak, vacillating conduct of the rulers and leaders all over Germany filled the public mind with dismay and disgust: and when, in 1805, the political leaders of Germany arrayed themselves beside Napoleon against England, even Perthes' sanguine mind was filled with despondency and indignation.

Finally, in 1809, Mortier took possession of the town, and though professedly a peaceful occupation, the unfortunate city was subjected to the utmost pressure of war; and, ere long, Napoleon decreed that "Hamburg, built by Charles the Great, was no longer to be deprived of the happiness, to which it had a hereditary right, of acknowledging the supremacy of his greater successor." Previous to this last step, Perthes had exerted himself to the utmost to awaken the minds and unite the efforts of men all over Germany, by the publication of a journal, nominally scientific, but which sought common ground of interest in all who loved their country. That the distinctions Prussian and Austrian, Saxon and Bavarian, should disappear in the one word German, was the first wish of his heart. After this proclamation, however, the journal was abandoned, and silently to suffer and to

* Hamann was born at Königsberg in 1730. He opposed himself to the theology and popular philosophy of his time, and was far from being popular with his contemporaries. His writings are not much read, on account of their obscurity, arising from his peculiar style, and his love of symbolical language. He died in 1788.

"bide his time" seemed all that was left for the German patriot. The evacuation and re-occupation of Hamburg by the French is a twice-told tale, on which we need not enter. In the glorious struggle of the citizens, Perthes took an active part, sending away his family only when the bombardment commenced, and following himself when all hope was gone. When a general pardon was proclaimed by Davoust, Perthes was one of the ten who were excepted. He had to fly for his life, and for many months, though meeting with much disinterested kindness, he and his family had to undergo great privations, and often the want of almost the necessaries of life. No doubt, this time of sorrow knit all the closer the ties of family life. Perthes, writing to a friend, says,—

"I thank God that I have a wife who shares my feelings, and if the worst come to the worst will not shake my courage."

And again, with regard to his personal danger, "My Caroline would forgive me, and I should leave my children a legacy of honor." In a letter to her sister Jacobi, Caroline gives an account of their leaving Wandsbeck the day after Perthes' flight, Count Reventlow having offered her a temporary asylum at Aschau. She writes thus:

"As soon as Perthes had taken leave of me in his flight, I began to pack, and then, exhausted as I was, set out with my seven children and the nurse, in a light open carriage. It was a very affecting party: my mother could not control her feelings, and my father was deeply moved; the children wept aloud; I myself felt as if turned to stone, and could only say continually,—'Now, for Heaven's sake!' My sister Augusta went with me, to comfort and to assist me; truly willing to share my labors and anxieties. In the morning we arrived at Nütschau, where, finding only two beds for ten persons, I was obliged to divide our cloaks and bundles of linen, so that the children might at least have something under their heads.' Yet, on the evening of this day, Caroline contrived to write a few lines to her parents,—'I can only wish you good-night,' she said, 'for I am so weary in mind and body, that I can neither think nor write. If I had but met Perthes here this evening, safe and sound, as I had hoped, I believe I should have forgotten all my sorrow. I am still cold, and hard as a stone, and shrink from the thought of the thawing. I felt all day as if everybody were dead, and I was left alone on the earth.

These have been weeks of life-and-death struggle; God help every poor man who is in trouble of mind or body in these eventful times!'"

As to property, Perthes had lost absolutely everything, and ready money for the support of his family he had none.

"Do not suppose that I complain (he who wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle); he *who has nothing to repent of has also nothing to complain of*. I have acted as in the presence of God; I have often risked my *life*, and why should I be dispirited because I have lost my fortune? God's will be done. I do not yet see how I am to provide bread for my wife and children in a foreign land."

And again, a little later:

"I enter again into the world, into a new and unknown world, full of great possibilities, and also full of perils, but I have spirit and courage to meet them cheerfully. Resignation to the will of God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love and youthful feeling, truth and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me;—Lord my God, I thank thee for them; forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation."

Still, though his courage was great, his anxieties were almost overpowering: he was separated from his wife and children, and uncertain as to their fate; and Caroline, along with a sister who had accompanied her flight, had to labor with their own hands to keep hunger from the door. They had no doubt shelter and protection, such as it was—but damp and cold brought disease to the young children: for months they had neither meat nor white bread in the house, and such scanty means of sustenance as they could procure were to be had only after great labor and fatigue. During these hard times an infant was added to her cares, and she had the grief of losing a favorite child. Her husband absent, and exposed to danger, her children subjected to privation and disease, her own health uncertain, it required indeed fortitude to bear up bravely under such trials; and when at length her husband returned, and entered with a joyful "are all well?" she had silently to lead him to the bed, where their dear child lay in the sleep of death. She says, "My anxiety for him carried me through that painful day."

It is no part of our present purpose to enter on the history of those eventful years

—years fraught with the destiny of Europe, and with the events of which every one is familiar, further than to show the influence the times had on the mind of a man of high integrity and keen intellect—how he in his own sphere strained every nerve to serve his country, and, doing always the duty that came nearest his hand, made all things subservient to his responsibilities as a man, a German, and a Christian. Perthes himself believed that those who are born in evil times have a special mission, and accepted his own with thankfulness. He had great confidence in what individuals can do, and both by precept and example, endeavored to excite equal energy in others who were weary and faint with the heat of the day, and unable to stem the torrent. "The voice of an honest man," he said, "is a mighty instrument, and has great power;" and whenever his voice could be useful, he raised it with courage and success. On leaving Hamburg, Perthes was employed at the Diet of Frankfort, in November, 1813, as deputy for the Hanse Towns, the independence of which was guaranteed by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in the event of their being delivered from the French. Davoust still held possession of Hamburg, though hard pressed. Not content with burning and destroying all that was possible within the walls, he drove twenty thousand of the inhabitants out of the town. First the young and strong were sent forth as dangerous, then the old and weak as superfluous; the inmates of the orphan schools and alms-houses were driven out to perish, and finally eight hundred sick and idiots from the hospitals were added to the freezing sufferers without the gates. The miseries and cold of one January night released six hundred of these from their suffering. Perthes returned to Hamburg, after the French had left, as one of the distributors of the money collected all over Europe, to assist the unfortunate survivors of this desolation.

From this time, for some years Perthes' private life flowed in an uninterrupted course: first, the necessary efforts to redeem his affairs and extricate himself from the ruin the French confiscation of his property had occasioned occupied him. In this he succeeded, and established the business on the old footing. Besides home interests,

he had many an anxious hour over the state of the country, which, freed from foreign yoke, seemed incapable of self-government. On this subject, however, he expresses himself always with his hopeful disposition, and firm reliance in Providence working by means too mysterious to be understood. To Fouqué he writes:

"You remember what I said to you in 1815, that the real hard fighting would only begin with the war of minds, when the external warfare should be over. And now, do you think I should be sorry, if I turned out to be in the right? By no means. Remember, dear Fouqué, here below, in some way or another, work is God's will for man. Man has more time on hand than he can spend in mere love and contemplation, therefore work and pray."

His friend Görres, more desponding than himself, writes to him, referring to an address he had published:

"I cannot say it has revealed to me anything agreeable, it showed me princes who have been in the school of adversity, without having learnt anything there, not even to take care of their own dignity. Ministers who have good intentions but no ability, decision, or courage—a Court opposition, bad rather from the absence of all good than from the presence of positive evil, stupid to brutishness, &c., &c."

The year 1819 may truly be said to be a turning-point in the history of Germany. Freed from the oppression of a foreign sword, the band was loosened which held together and for a time suppressed all the conflicting elements which one common danger had united, and every variety of wild opinion rose and found expression: wild liberalism and despotic tyranny had fanatic adherents; cold rationalism and speculative philosophy, in every possible form, had followers, zealous as the infatuated worshippers of Jagernaut. Old things had passed away, and yet no saviour appeared—no one who with the eye of genius could pierce the confusion, and bring forth a new and better order of things out of the contending elements of good and evil. The book before us bears evidence how large was the amount of good in the masses of the people, but unfortunately those in high places in the land, like the restored Bourbons, ignored the past, and as in Prussia and in Austria, so each petty prince, untaught by adversity, and believing only in

his long line of ancestry, renewed in his little principality those petty and vexatious exactions which the people had proved a burden too heavy to be borne. What had been before 1792 was also the right thing now. From this era we may date the antagonistic position of different orders in Germany; the hatred between the higher and the lower classes began then. What had been achieved by the French nation had taught the people their power; they could no longer passively bear and endure; and at this time the seeds were sown which bore fruit—bitter fruit in 1848–49, and in all human probability will bear a later harvest. Good men mourned and protested over the general relapse, but time rolled on, and those who by their position might have remodelled the nation, did not recognize their privileges, and the House of Hapsburg and the House of Brandenburg were equally blind to the great deliverance they might have wrought for themselves and for their country. The German aristocracy seem to be a body to whom the hardest lessons do not bring wisdom.*

The notices in this book of the English, though not flattering to our national vanity, are instructive to the English reader. Wishing to extend his business to London, Before (Perthes' brother-in-law and partner) went there, and declares that at that time German literature was not only unread in England, but that he considered "that the English, as a people, are incapable of apprehending it." Robinson he mentions as "a most remarkable and attractive man," an exception "to the insular character of intellectual exclusiveness." A letter from a German lady residing in London, though not very complimentary either to our country-women or our clergy, is not uninteresting, as regards both the remarks on religion and culture. We cannot, however, help feeling surprised that a man like Perthes, so clear-sighted at home, should class the relations of England and Ireland as worse than those of Austria and Hungary and her other dependencies! The common talk with which a traveller is assailed abroad, comparing Ireland with Poland, and British with Russian and Austrian oppression, to the advantage of the two latter, is unworthy of such a man, and shows that in some things his national prejudices

* The house of Saxe Coburg Gotha form an honorable exception to this remark.

blinded his judgment. Certainly, the years which have elapsed since the expression of those opinions have brought to England a wide-spread knowledge of German books, and proved also very practically the difference between English legislation towards Ireland and Austrian towards her Hungarian brethren.

Years passed on, and the ties which held Perthes to Hamburg were many of them severed. In 1821 he lost his beloved Caroline. She had fulfilled her mission, and rested from her labors. Perthes felt her death with all the strength of his warm temperament. During his active and anxious life many a time had the energetic man rested on her gentle strength: in her it seemed as if everything had been taken from him at once, and he gave way for a time to his grief with vehement and passionate tenderness. Writing some time afterwards he says:

"For twenty-four years we have lived together through cares and anxieties, sometimes through sorrow and trouble, but in all she was happy, for every moment was filled with love and lively sympathy; always resigned to the inevitable, she preserved her heroic spirit in great events. That poverty of spirit so extolled by Tauler and Thomas à Kempis was hers."

Caroline's death rendered Hamburg utterly distasteful to him: he resigned his bookselling business to Besser, and removed to Gotha, where two of his daughters were married. There, at the age of fifty, he recommenced life as a publisher, in the important walks of history and theology, and during the twenty years of his activity in this department, had the happiness to stamp his name imperishably on some of the most noted productions of German research in the present century. While acting in this capacity he was necessarily brought into connection with most of the leading politicians, historical inquirers, and theologians of the age.

To enumerate his friends and correspondents would be to write a list of all who, in those days, played a prominent part, besides very many private friends, whom he preserved through life. Ranke, Bunsen, Niebuhr, Humboldt, Richter, and the Schlegels, are names nearly as familiar to the English as to the German public. We must, at

least, extract some account of Niebuhr. Perthes's acquaintance with him had begun at Hamburg, and had ripened into friendship, not uninterrupted by quarrels arising from their very different political views. In these quarrels Niebuhr's generosity of character shone forth, for he was the first to extend the hand, and own to his old friend that he had been wrong. Perthes afterwards frequently visited Niebuhr at Bonn. The following are his remarks after his first visit:

"Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy; the purer his heart, the deeper his sensibilities, the more he feels the want of some firm support for his soul; he fights with uncertainty and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, only the children bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind; and, in short, the spiritual condition of this remarkable man cuts me to the heart, and his out-pourings alternately elevated and horrified me. To see such a heart and mind in the midst of the convulsions of our time, gives a deep insight into the machinery of our poor human life. Niebuhr needs a friend who would be a match for him; he has not one such in the world. The wealth of his intellect, the extent of his knowledge, are absolutely appalling, but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life. 'I do know and understand people,' replied he, when I made the above remark to him; 'I read, and inquire, and hear; and my residence abroad has afforded me an impartial point of view.' And yet I maintain he has no knowledge of human nature. One thing I am more and more sure of—men of giant intellect and high imagination are little fitted to govern; the practical man, if he will avail himself of the intellects of others, makes the best minister."

A few days after Perthes had left Bonn, Niebuhr wrote to him as follows:

"The unlooked-for pleasure of seeing you again still remains in the form of memory; your visit has awakened the illusion that old times have not quite vanished. And yet they have; and could I become a sceptic, I should begin by denying a man's identity at different epochs of life."

Perthes wrote in reply:

"You yourself would afford me a proof of identity if I needed one. Only look within you, how love has endured, how much you are still the same! Thirty years

after I have seen that very same love shine forth from your whole being, which still has power to melt all the frost, and rub away all the rust of the world."

In 1829 Perthes revisited Bonn, and again spent most of his time with Niebuhr, of whose immense influence over the youth of the place he makes mention. He writes of him thus:

"On seeing Niebuhr after a long interval, I always experience a painful degree of shyness; because, in spite of his intellectual greatness, his universal knowledge, and his keen discrimination, I am conscious that I take truer views of many subjects than he does, and consequently often feel myself obliged to oppose him in spite of his superiority. Added to this, the strange, almost unpleasant peculiarities of his manner; for example, his restless walking up and down the room all the time he is talking. But this shyness soon gives way, his natural candor and good-heartedness triumphing over all. I am more than ever struck with the singularities of his character, and yet I never found him so cordial or so gentle. * * One of Niebuhr's strange peculiarities is his stammering—not over words, but sentences; he will repeat the same sentence six or seven times in the most different ways. The reason is, that owing to his wide range of imagination and immense amount of information, language cannot keep pace with his thoughts." * * *

Writing at the time of Niebuhr's death, Perthes says:

"I shall feel the loss of Niebuhr as long as I live. Hardly a day passed but I saw, heard, observed, or thought something which I treasured up for the purpose of consulting him about it."

Rist, in writing of him, calls him

"The terror of all bad and base men, the stay of all the sterling and honest, the friend and helper of youth."

During his visit to Bonn, Perthes also spent several mornings with A. W. Schlegel, he writes about him thus:

"We had not seen each other for many years. At first Schlegel gave me a stately reception; but old recollections of former meetings soon made him open, tender, and natural in his cordiality. It was in 1793, just after his marriage, that I first saw Schlegel; then we met in 1803 and 1805, in Leipzig and Dresden: in the summer of 1813, I spent some weeks with him; and again, in the December of the same year, we had a

pleasant day in Saalsund, in Hanover, with Rehberg, Smidt, Sieveking, and Benjamin Constant. These old pictures having first fitted past us, the political and religious opinions of past days give way to the present. Schlegel expressed himself very strikingly about the men and the occurrences of our own time. I called his attention to the importance, historically speaking, of a new collection and edition of his works. He owes it to the history of our literature, to show the origin and the aim of his detached essays, so as to prevent further misunderstanding and confusion, for however different the decision of different parties respecting him may be, still his views, his criticism, his praise and blame, will have considerable influence over our literature for all time. Schlegel agreed with me, and remarked that he must needs be much misunderstood, for that his labors in the early part of his life had almost entirely consisted in reactionary efforts against particular errors and perversions, and that his views had met with such a one-sided apprehension, and been carried to such extremes by his adherents, that he had subsequently been obliged, for truth's sake, to appear as their opponent. But he added, that his position, in regard to his brother Frederick, prevented an edition of his collective works. They had formerly accomplished the greater part of these together, but their opinions were now diametrically opposed on the most important subjects. He could not give up his own convictions, and his feelings forbade him publicly to oppose his brother. I then requested him to prepare a posthumous collection of his works, saying that when our race is run, natural ties cease to fetter, and that the open confession of what each held to be truth would do honor to both. Schlegel spoke very openly of his relations to Niebuhr. The latter is so offended with his criticism on his *Roman History*, that he will not see him. 'Niebuhr,' said Schlegel, 'has no ground for this; no one made such efforts as I to follow him in his investigations in all directions, and this is the highest proof of appreciation and respect. Niebuhr might have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, which he knew to be a part of my nature; but so it is, no one in Germany understands criticism, and so I keep to myself my opinion of Voss's performances, though I could express it in three words.' I begged him to tell them me, and he replied, 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakspeare, and a leathern Aristophanes.' Schlegel took me to see his Indian printing office, and I could not but admire the simplicity and practical wisdom of his arrangements;

indeed, on this occasion, I saw nothing but the good side of his character. His faults are better known than those of most of us, and every one speaks of his incredible vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. He has always been distinguished for strict conscientiousness in all affairs of business, and now he is firmly attached to Bonn, and a regular and active life may still further improve him. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated or tempted by a sally of wit."

A few years after settling in Gotha, Perthes married again. His mind was too elastic to bear depression long, and his was a disposition to crave for sympathy and love, and he had the rare power of gathering happiness and enjoyment from every source while life remained. His daughters married, his sons left home, it was intolerable to him to be alone, and he married. His choice seems to have been a fortunate one: Clement Perthes makes very graceful mention of his step-mother, who was a widow; and though she brought with her four children (two of them hopeless invalids) to add to the household cares, she still seems to have healed the wounds of sorrow, and added to the happiness of all.

Goethe is frequently mentioned in these pages, but little new light is thrown on the giant of German literature, whose every word and action have been treasured and chronicled by his countrymen, who have filled volumes with their learned worship, till now nothing new can be said of Goethe. Perthes, however, saw in the great man the man of the world more than the poet and genius, and says:

"In estimating Goethe, it must never be forgotten that he was a citizen of Frankfurt: it was his traditional civic dignity that made the society of the great so agreeable to him, and kept him aloof from the agitated scenes of human intercourse, whereby a privy councillor's cabinet in Weimar could still appear to him the world."

Perthes frequently made the tour of Germany, and though chiefly for business purposes, still scenery and art claimed their share of his attention, and with the clearness which characterizes him, he lays the country before one like a map, full of living figures and life-like portraits, and there are charming bits of landscape painting in his letters. His description even of the well-known Rhine has a certain raciness in it,

and though one no longer sees glass cages full of children hung out at the windows in Cologne, as he describes, many antiquated customs he mentions in Gotha still linger in the small towns, and even in the capital of Saxony. Even in these railway days the Germans slowly relinquish old habits.

To give any lengthened notice of the contents of the second volume of this work would require more space than we can spare—so many men of note are mentioned, and so many subjects of thought suggested. We hope the life of Perthes will become a much-read book in this country, as we believe it one likely to be very useful. The closing chapters offer a beautiful picture of old age, and of a life passed in usefulness and closed in peace. The good old man had a happy old age. Surrounded by his children, and his children's children, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties to the last, when drawing towards the close of his life, his thoughts seem frequently to have dwelt on his Caroline, with whom he had lived, and loved, and labored, and who had entered the unseen world so many years before himself; but he seems also to have had the most affectionate feeling to his second wife, who nursed him with a tenderness to which his son bears record. She and one of his daughters always kept by his bedside during his last illness, and on the eighteenth anniversary of their marriage-day he said to her:

"Death is here. I am conscious of a most strange feeling, as if all earthly ties were dissolving, but there is no expressing this in words."

After this he lived some days—days of great suffering. One time, waking as from a dream, he said:

"Herder on his death-bed sought only an idea. 'Light, light,' exclaimed Goethe; it would have been better had they cried out for love and humility."

The closing scene we must leave to his son to narrate. With it we conclude our notice: we cannot add anything to his pathetic words:

"On Thursday, the 18th May, the Doctor was able to tell him that all would soon be over. He had no longer any actual pain,

and on being asked whether his dreams were distressing, he answered, 'No, no, not now, once distressing, now delightful.' Sometimes he would pray aloud, and repeat hymns in a firm voice. But for the most part he lay there peaceful and joyful, and the peace and joy that God had granted to him pervaded all that were near. 'When he folded his cold hands,' wrote one of his daughters, 'and prayed from his inmost soul, we too were constrained to fold our hands and pray; it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though Our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room.' 'The last conflict is severe,' we find it said in another letter, 'but we see with our own eyes that he can overcome it in love and without pain or fear. The last enemy loses all his terrors for us, and the resurrection seems nearer us than the death.' About six o'clock in the evening, an intimate friend, the Court preacher Jacobi, came in. Perthes opened his languid eyes, and stretched out his hand to him, saying, 'For the last time: it will be soon over, but it is a hard struggle.' About seven, Jacobi and the Doctor left him; at eight, his breathing became slower and deeper, but without occasioning any distress. His whole family stood round him. Perthes had folded his hands, and for a short time prayed aloud, but his speech had now become inarticulate; only the oft-repeated words, 'My Redeemer—Lord—forgiveness,' could be distinguished. It had grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features, every trace of pain was gone, his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their sorrow. The last sounds of this world that reached the dying ear were, 'Yea, the Lord hath prepared blessedness and joy for thee, where Christ is the Sun, the Life, and the All in All.' He drew one long breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of infinite suffering passed over his face, then his triumph was complete. It was within a few minutes of half-past ten. Immediately after death, a look of peace and joy settled on his face. Early on the morning of the 22d of May he was buried in the churchyard of Gotha, and his favorite hymn was sung around his grave:

"What can molest or injure me, who have in Christ a part?
Fill'd with the peace and grace of God, most gladly I depart."
G. E. F.

From Household Words.

MY BROTHER ROBERT.

I.

His was a disappointed life, I have heard people say; but I, who lived with him from the beginning to the end of it, can assert that it was not a disappointed life nor an unhappy one. Certainly not. What can a man want to see more in this world than the accomplishment of his plans, for which he has toiled early and late, expending on them all his youth, hope, health, and energy? That others profited by his inventions, and grew rich on them, while he remained poor, neglected, and obscure, is a mere secondary consideration. It was his work that he looked to, and not any possible rewards that it might bring him; and as he brought his work to a fair completion, and did his share of good in his day and generation, he had no right to be dissatisfied; and he was not dissatisfied. I know it for a fact—he has told me so many a time. He would say: "Don't complain, Mary. You might complain if I had failed altogether, but I have done my work, and that is enough. I declare I feel a proud man sometimes when I see what grand things my invention is helping others to do." I was less easily satisfied for him than he was for himself; but when I saw that murmuring really troubled him, I tried to keep my tongue quiet.

People come now and look at his grave under the yew-tree, and go away and say they have seen it; and that is all the honor and profit my brother, Robert Janson, ever reaped from his life's labor. A year or two back some strangers came and proposed to put up a monument over his grave; but I warned them not to meddle with it as long as I lived. He would have been an old man now; but he died at thirty-seven: young, certainly—I grant that, and poor; because in his last broken-down years I had to support him—but not disappointed. He would never allow it living, and I will not allow it since he is dead. His was not a disappointed life. It will do no one any harm to tell his story now; and it will give no one any pain. I am the only person left in the world who ever had any interest in him.

II.

We were a large family altogether, living in the farmhouse at Alster Priors: my grandfather and grandmother, my father and

mother, Aunt Anna, and five children. This period, of course, dates as far back as I can remember. I was the eldest and Robert was the youngest. The others were Charles, who succeeded to the farm—Mark, who enlisted for a soldier, and was, we believed, but were never sure, killed in Spain, fighting with the French—and John, who died a boy. We got our first schooling in the village: reading, writing, and cyphering, and nothing more that I can call to mind. It was thought learning enough in those days amongst the yeomen class of farmers to which we belonged. From quite a little one, Robert seemed different from the rest of us, who were homely, contented folks, and everybody but my mother and me—Aunt Anna especially—made a point of discouraging his studious ways and ridiculing his fancies. Perhaps there was no greater trial in his much tried life than the consciousness that his own family had no faith in him. Nobody but we two had patience with him. His grandfather, father, and brothers, regarded him as a fool and an idle ne'er-do-well.

I very well remember his asking my grandfather one night, "Have you ever been to London, grandfather, or seen any of the great steam-ships and manufactories?" And "No, thank God!" was the fervent answer. This emphatic thanksgiving might be regarded as an epitome of the family sentiments: the gratitude of our elders for similar blessings was hourly expressed. They were strongholds of prejudice, and it was as difficult to effect a change or introduce an improvement amongst them as it is to overturn the fixed idea of a monomaniac. They had all, except my mother, been born in Alsterdale, and had vegetated there contentedly in unimpeachable respectability, never travelling more than a dozen miles from home: there they would die, and there be buried in a good old age. They were proud, too, and that with the most impracticable pride; for they gloried in their ignorant prejudices, and would not have exchanged them for the wisdom of Solomon. Living from generation to generation on their own farm-lands of Alster Priors, in the midst of a scanty and illiterate population of laborers, above the small farmers and beneath the great gentry—on a sort of debatable ground between both—they were isolated almost entirely from society, and secluded in a dignified insignificance, which their hereditary integrity alone kept from being ridiculous.

They felt contempt for all new-fangled ideas ; being unable to bring their own to any other standard than that which allows worth only to what has been long established.

Sometimes, like a puff of a wind beyond the Fells, the story of some great invention came to disturb the calm torpidity of their existence. Then they would rouse up, wonder what the world was coming to, and hope it was not a tempting of Providence for mortal man to attain to such knowledge and to work such strange and powerful devices. My father, especially, was a lover of all things old : old books, old customs, old fashions, and old-fashioned manners. Sir Roger and the Widow, Uncle Toby and Squire Western, might have been the personal friends of his youth, from the figure they made in his talk. He always addressed my mother as dame, and the servant women as lasses, speaking in a loud voice and broad accent that often made my mother wince. She was south-country born and bred, and had been left as ward to the care of my grandparents, who, not knowing what else to do with her, married her to their son. She was younger than my father and pretty ; but so quiet, delicate, and reserved, that Aunt Anna was mistress of the house much more than she. Aunt Anna was a big, strong-featured woman, of great decision, and, as our family considered, of great learning also. She knew the names and properties of plants, was cognizant of signs in the weather, an interpreter of dreams and mysterious appearances in the sky : she was the oracle of Alsterdale, besides being a cunning hand at raising a pie and making preserves, jellies, and custards. My brother Mark—the wild one—was her favorite ; Robert she had not any love for, nor he for her. She was very fond of power, and always seemed most at ease with herself when she was either ruling or thwarting somebody.

III.

Robert was fond of the wheelwright's and carpenter's shops much more than of bird-nesting and nutting, like his brothers ; and Willie Paxton has often said that at ten years old he could handle his tools like a man. It was in those places that he got his first knowledge of mechanics ; the school-master, who, for the time and place, was a well-instructed person, brought him on in mathematics ; and our rector, who always

would have it the lad was a genius, and worth his three brothers put together, lent him books and papers that gave accounts of inventions and things in science, as well as biographical sketches of men who had been distinguished in such matters. Robert used to like to call our attention to the small beginnings some of them had risen from ; and Aunt Anna would always try to spite him by saying that he need not let his mind hanker after those folks, for he was to be a farmer, and farm the Little Ings land. But Robert was the pleasantest-tempered creature in the world, and never would be led into retorting on her. Sometimes, in his waggish way, he would draw her on to talk of herself, and would try to enlist her in his own pursuits ; but she was too wary to be flattered by a boy, and he made no way with her.

One morning, Aunt Anna, Robert, and I, were all three in the garden, picking camomile flowers, a large bed of which supplied the family pharmacopeia, when one of these talks took place. Robert asked Aunt Anna how far from Alsterdale she had ever travelled ? She replied that when she was young she had been at the Richmond balls, and that once she had gone with her father to the place where they hang folks, which she explained as being York.

"You ought to be thankful you live in Alsterdale, Robert. Don't be always hankering after great, wicked towns," she said ; "I never want to see one again as long as I live—never !"

The last generation of the Janson family had produced an unsuccessful poet, whom our grandmother said Robert was like in almost every point. We had no personal recollection of him, because he had died before any of us were born ; but to my fancy, and to Robert's, Uncle Paul had been heroic. Robert, always on the watch for Aunt Anna's genial moments, now ventured to say :

"I would rather be a man like Uncle Paul than a farmer, Aunt Anna ; this seems such a sluggish life."

"Trash !" was my aunt's contemptuous ejaculation. "Your Uncle Paul was a poor, weak creature. What good ever came of his philanthropy and book-writing ? If he had taken the Little Ings Farm that you are to have, he might have been alive now, and worth money, instead of lying in Alsterdale

churchyard. Poor Paul had a good heart, but not the spirit of a mouse; don't you take him for your model, Robert, if you don't want to come to his end."

"Mr. Tate showed me a book of his, and said he was not only a fine genius, but a pious, devoted, and truly admirable man."

"Learn to appreciate the relative value of things, and have an opinion of your own. Are you to receive as gospel every word old Tate says? Just let me state the case to you." Aunt Anna dropped basket and scissors, as she rose erect in her oratorical attitude. "Your father and Paul, when they came of age, got each some money under their grandfather's will. Marmaduke kept to his farming; but Paul gathered his substance together, like the Prodigal son, and went and spent it—not in riotous living, certainly, but to just as little purpose—among felons in jails and paupers in hospitals. Then he must needs publish to the world a host of abuses that he had discovered, and make himself enemies; so, all his fine schemes came to nought, and he died as much from heart-break as neglect."

"No, Aunt Anna; his schemes have not come to nought; for what he began, other people have taken up and finished. Dr. Monson says so."

"Don't be Dr. Anybody's mouthpiece; give me your own words or none," rejoined my aunt, stooping to her task again.

"They are my words, too."

"Very silly ones they are, then. I don't want to see any of you wiser or better men than your father or grandfather before you. They have always been respected, and Paul was more laughed at than anything else."

"People don't laugh at him now. They honor him."

"Lip-worship. What is it worth, when he has been dead these thirty years? He would have starved to death, if your father had not fetched him home. What is the good of looking at a man's grave? He is a warning, not an example, nephew Robert."

"Was he happy, Aunt Anna?"

"Happy? I can't tell. He said to me, the night before he died, that nobody should take the post of an apostle of reform whose heart was not prepared for martyrdom. He did hope to do good at first, and hope kept him up while it lasted; but he had not pith enough; he was soon worn out."

The camomile gathering was over, and, with a retrospective sigh to the memory of her brother, Aunt Anna took up her basket and went into the house. Robert and I, after strolling a few minutes longer in the garden, passed through the wicket-gate and across the bridge, to the church, which stood about five hundred yards off on the hill-side. There were, and are, a great many Jews in the grave-yard; and under one Uncle Paul lay, with a plain slab of the gray stone over him, inscribed only with his name and age. (My brother Robert's grave is to the right of it, only marked by a low head-stone.) We sat down on Uncle Paul's grave, and began to talk about him. We both admired him sincerely. As I remember my brother Robert in his boyhood, he was slight and tall, with a great forehead and bushy brown hair; his eyes were blue, and his skin brown; he had what one would call a fine countenance. His temper was cheerful and kind; and, with Uncle Paul's love of true and beautiful things, he had a character of more muscle and force. I always loved Robert the best of my brothers, and sympathized with his dislike to our torpid state of existence. But what could we do against the rest?

IV.

From fourteen to eighteen Robert went on fretting, fidgetting, and working alternately, until one day there was a rumor of a grand new bridge to be built over the Alster, about eleven miles above our house; beside it, where there was a fall in the water, a manufactory was going to be built for weaving of stockings. Neither good words nor ill words would keep Robert from going up there, day after day, and staying till nightfall. It was in the time of hay harvest, and my father was often angry at his absence. One day he said to him in a rage, little thinking his words would be taken in plain earnest:

"If any of those engineering, architect, machine fellows will take thee, Robert, thou may bind thyself to them for life; I never want to see thy idle face again."

Robert did not come back that night, but the next morning he fetched his clothes when his father was out in the fields, and only the women at home. Aunt Anna was terribly vexed, and sent to call his father in. My mother would have had Robert go without seeing him, but the lad said:

"Nay, I've my father's leave:" and he stood up with his bonnie young face all glowing and brave, fearing none of us. "When I'm a man, Mary shall come and keep my house—won't you, Mary?" I promised him.

We were amazed to see how my father took it, when Aunt Anna told him Robert was set on going, and nothing could stay him. The two took a long look at each other, as if measuring their strength; then they shook hands. My mother cried to see it.

"If the lad will go, let him go in peace," said my father; "I can make nothing of him. Anna, fetch up a bottle of wine to drink his health at the dinner. Thy grandfather will be displeased, lad; thou'rt as wilful as ever Paul, my brother, was, and I misdoubt me that thou'll prosper as ill; but thou shall not go with a curse at thy back, my lad."

And so Robert left us.

I should be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old at that time, and in my own mind I had a strange hankering to go after the lad and take care of him; and as if to give me my liberty, in the year that followed, the old grandfather and grandmother were both taken away, and those who were left were well able to take tent for themselves. Still I don't know that I would have left home if my own mother had not said, one Christmas night, the first he was away: "Our Robert will be glad to see you, Mary. Your father and I were saying, why should you not go and stop with him for the change." My mother spoke for me as much or more than for him; but what for, has nothing to do with Robert's story; so I pass over that.

I went away to Robert at Birmingham, where he was—an ugly great town then, not what it is now—and truly the lad was glad to have a face that he knew about him. I had a little fortune of my own, so that I was no burden on him; but afterwards, as things turned out, a help. I took three rooms in a cottage a good half-mile from the town, and he changed to live with me. In the day he was at work in one of those vast manufactories of iron machinery;—I did see over one once, but what with the heat, the noise, and the stir, I could not tell now what it was like—and in the evenings I had him mostly with me. He was not so merry

a companion as he had used to be, for his great idea had just begun to germinate; and many a silent hour I sat at one end of the table, while he at the other was working out his calculations, and making drawings of different parts of machinery. He got to making models after, and many a one did he fling down and break. There was difficulty after difficulty to overcome.

He would lecture to me about his drawings sometimes, and try to make me understand the relative power of this and that lever and wheel; and though I could have remembered at the time, I could not tell you now, if I would, one fiftieth part of what he said. This was to save labor and waste; that for safety; this for speed. It was impossible to avoid being interested in his work, seeing how his heart and soul were bound up in it. I was as eager he should succeed as he was himself. "If I do succeed, Mary, it will be the making of me; and I *will* succeed," he used to say, after every failure. And I believed he would.

v.

MONTHS went on, years went on, and Robert was twenty-five, with his idea still unwrought out. In the midst of his hard toil and absorbing thoughts I was glad that he still kept his kind, warm, manly heart. There is a short bit in his story that I must not leave out—that about Rosie Kirwan. Her mother was a near neighbor of ours, and we had made acquaintance in our walks. Rosie came to tea with me sometimes, and that was the way she and Robert came, first to know, and afterwards to love, each other. Rosie was not so pretty as she was fresh-looking—fresh as a May morning in Alsterdale, or as a half-blown rose; a tall girl, straight and strong, with a round waist and a throat white and smooth as a marble figure; a firm step, a quick eye, and rather a breezy temper. I liked her very much; she was a frank, honest, sensible girl, and her mother had brought her up well.

They came to an agreement between themselves soon, and it was really a pleasant sight to see Robert at his work and Rosie leaning over him, bending her fine brows and setting her lips firm in a conscientious endeavor to take it all in, and then giving me a quick little glance across the table, as much as to say, "I can't understand it one bit."

Mrs. Kirwan was satisfied with the engagement, though I did not quite approve of her way of speaking of it. She said, "It is always a good speculation for a girl to marry a young man of talent and energy, though he may not be rich: he is almost sure to make some way in the world. I must confess that I should not let Rosie throw herself away on anybody; and, if Robert gets forward as he promises to do, I shall be glad to let him have her. She is a good girl."

The young things made no calculations, being content, apparently, with the present time of loving each other.

VI.

At last the day came when Robert walked into my parlor one night and said, "It is done, Mary." His face was all alight with pride and satisfaction, for Rosie was there, and, when he spoke, she marched straight up to him, and gave him a kiss. "I promised I would, Mary," said she, blushing like a rose; "I promised him six months ago;" and the shame-faced girl looked as if she had done wrong, whereas Robert vowed she had been as hard as flint, and that was the very first time she had suffered their lips to meet. "Then it is a kiss for luck," said I; and Rosie was as still as a mouse all the evening after.

We had to hear about his success now. It was a grand invention we knew then, and all the world knows it now; but, there were many things to be done before Robert was to be a made man by it. I believe people are no more ready now than they were then to adopt new systems; but it had been submitted to a number of men, both scientific and practical, and they all pronounced it the finest invention of the age. He must get it patented: he must do this, he must do that, he must do the other. Words.

He bade Rosie and me good-by, and carried his model to London—it was great expense—and there he stayed; we being very anxious all the time. To tell you the backwards and forwards work he had, the advice on one hand and the warnings on the other, would be more than I could do, or than you would care to hear. Besides, is it not known well enough, by all who interest themselves in such things, the trouble there is to get a new invention adopted?

All this time in London was lost time. Robert wanted money, and money he had

not, and he was not earning any. My father had done for him all he ever intended to do, so I parted with my fortune, all but a bare maintenance, and kept him for a month or two longer, trying on all sides to get some one to adopt his invention. Nobody would or could. It was a depressed season, and there was no spirit to risk the production of anything novel and costly.

He came back to me: that time I was alone, and glad I was that it so happened. I should not have known him if I had met him in a strange place unexpectedly. All the healthy brown was gone out of his face, his skin was pallid, his eyes and temples were sunk, his clothes were hanging about him as if they had been made for a man twice his size. When he spoke, it was in a hurried, nervous way, and his hands trembled as if he had had a stroke. O, how ill he looked! It is my belief that, in the last months he had been away, he had never had enough to eat.

One stormy winter night he came, without having given me warning. He was drenched with rain, and I said to him something about the folly of walking in his bad health in such weather, and where was his luggage? He spread out his poor thin hands, and said, with an attempt at a smile, "I carry all my possessions on my back, Mary;" and then he flung himself down into a chair, and, leaning his face on the table, sobbed like a child. I shall never forget him as he appeared that night—never, while I live. He was no more like the Robert who had left me in nine months before, than the broken bits of drift-wood lying on the sea-shore now, are like the brave ship that sailed out of harbor a year ago. He could tell me nothing that night; but, next day he said that, finding he should never be able to do better for his invention, poor as he was, he had given it up to the manufacturer of machinery in whose service he had worked, on condition that he would bring it out within three years. "I don't care for profits, Mary; let us have enough to live, and I shall be satisfied," said he. You see he was so weak and worn down that his spirit was half broken.

"But Rosie Kirwan," I suggested.

He got up, and walked quickly through the room. "Don't talk about her, Mary! How long is it since she has been here?"

Rosie and her mother had been away in London ever so long, I told him.

"And they have not come back? then you don't know?——" He came to a full stop in front of me.

I said no, I knew nothing. What was there to know?

"Rosie and I have broken. I declare, Mary, it was almost a relief; for how could I keep her as she has been kept? Her mother heard how badly I was prospering, and said the engagement must be dropped. I did not try to hold her to it—she would have stood by me; but——" and the poor lad's voice broke down.

Rosie married, a year or two after, a cousin of her own: I believe it was a perfectly happy and suitable marriage.

VII.

AFTER this Robert had a bad illness, and his brain was affected, more or less, to the end of his life in consequence: but, the intervals between were long, and he and I together led a not unhappy life. In less than two years there was scarcely an extensive manufactory in the kingdom that had not adopted Robert's invention, and its usefulness was extended to far other and different purposes than he had designed. It was like a new principle in mechanical powers that he had discovered and developed, for others to carry forward. The person whose capital had enabled him to bring to practi-

cal results what Robert had designed, grew a very rich man speedily; he once sent Robert a fifty-pound note, and we were not in the position to refuse it. As I said before, I had parted with all but a bare subsistence. Robert was never more fit for work. We went to a seaside village, and stayed there a year or two, in the hope that the change would restore him; but it never did. He liked to sit on the sands, tracing out impossible designs with his stick, and demonstrating their feasibility to me. From the lectures I got, I ought to be one of the first theoretical machinists of the age.

There is nothing more to tell: he lived eleven years longer, and we went home to Alsterdale to my mother. My father was dead then, and Charles had the farm; and old Tate and he held long talks on Uncle Paul's grave, and—I think that's all. He frequently said, especially towards the last, "Mary, whatever people think, and however it may seem, remember, I am not a disappointed man. I have done my work."

Poor Robert's opinion may not be the opinion of those who read these lines; but it was his, and it is mine. After all these years, it matters not a thought who is right and who is wrong. I always hoped that he would be taken first, for who would have cared for him like me? I had my desire. I have outlived him more than thirty years.

HERTFORDSHIRE KINDNESS.—In the second Dialogue of his *Polite Conversation*, Swift uses the phrase "Hertfordshire kindness," apparently in the sense of a kindness which a person does to himself. Is this a proverbial saying which occurs elsewhere?

"Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honor to drink to your lordship.

"Lord Smart. Why then that's Hertfordshire kindness.

"Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking."

[Fuller, in his *Worthies*, explains this proverb as a mutual return of favors received. He says, "This is generally taken in a good and grateful sense, for the mutual return of favors received; it being [belike] observed that the people in this county at entertainments drink back to them who drank to them, parallel to the Latin proverbs, 'Fricantem refrica; Manus manum lavat; Par est de merente bene mereri.'"]—*Notes and Queries*.

PURIFICATION OF GAS.—Within a short time, a process has been discovered, by which the purification of gas is effected in a very complete manner, and the ammonia separated is at once in a state in which it can be employed as a manure. A mixture of sulphate of iron, lime, and sawdust is made, which is introduced into the purifiers of the gas works, and after having been exposed as long as it continues to purify the gas sufficiently, it is removed, and replaced by another quantity. The product is a dark colored, almost black substance, perfectly granular, and tolerably dry, with a strong smell of gas, which at once betrays its source.

MODERN JUDAISM.—I would refer the querist on this subject to *The Transactions of the Parasian Sanhedrim* (1807), which was convened by the great Napoleon, for the purpose of obtaining some official definition of modern Judaism, at least as far as the French Jews were concerned. Grace Aguilar's works could also be read with advantage and interest.

—*Notes and Queries*. GOODWYN BARMBY.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

'Twas the fifth of old November,
I pray you, love, remember,
The merry fires were glancing on the gray hill-
side;
When, spite of wind and weather,
Far down among the heather,
Midst the ferns and mountain gorses, you won
me for your bride.

Now remember, love, remember,
Ever since that old November,
When the earth was lit with glory, and the
heavens smiled above,
We have vowed to keep it solely
As a joy, to memory holy,
And from an old dead custom draw a living
fount of love.

Let us forth at Nature's summons
To the wild, wood-skirted commons,
There we'll kindle every withered bough that
drops around our way;
With our children gathered round us,
We will bless the fate that found us
Down among the reddened gorses in the dying
of the day.

And remember, love, remember,
When around each dying ember
We watch their glad young faces, bright with
artless mirth and fun,
What it is to feel the glow
Of the loving hearts we know
Will ne'er with life desert us till the dark day's
done!

We may weep or we may smile,
Ay, do all things but revile;
We may rue the bitter louring of the cold world's
frown;
But while simple pleasures please us,
Winter's self shall never freeze us—
We can wait with patient faces till the storm
dies down.

Leave we the dear old door
For the heath and upland moor;
Let us tread them, love, together, while the
ways seem fair:
By and by the dimness—lameeness,
When all things shall wear a sameness,
But to-day for hope and gladness, and for God's
blest air!

Let my willing arm sustain you:
Does your wound of battle pain you?
Does the rugged pathway shake you? So—lean
heavy on my breast;
There is health and vigor coming
Where the swollen streams are humming,
And the lights of autumn playing on the wild
bird's crest.

Remember, love, remember,
How soon comes blest December,
With its precious gifts of spirit, and its happy
household cheer:

Though the leaves are dropping fast, love,
And the flowers have bloomed their last,
love,
When our days are at their darkest, then a glory
shall be near! E. L. HERVEY.
—Chambers' Journal.

THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

WESTERN wind, balmy and sweet!
Stole you the breath of the blossoming limes,
Under whose boughs we were wont to meet—
Wont to meet in the olden times?

Far away—adown in the west
Blossom the limes that I love so well,
Under whose boughs my life was blest
With a love far dearer than words may tell.

Western wind, though so far away,
I trace in your sighing their odorous breath;
Surely you stole it, and brought it to say:
"Think of the boughs you have wandered be-
neath!"

The limes in that avenue, leafy and sweet,
Blossomed and faded one happy year,
While under their shadow our two hearts beat
With a love unclouded by doubt or fear.

The limes in that avenue, shady and old,
Have blossomed and faded many a year,
Since *one* true heart grew forever cold,
And the *other* forever withered and sere.

Western wind, let the lindens rest!
Waft me no breath from the lime-tree bowers—
But the perfume of roses that grow in the west
On a lowly grave that is covered with flowers!
—Chambers' Journal. THOMAS HOOD.

WORD ANALOGIES.

ONE the gracious line of beauty
In all kinds of beauteous form,
One the flowing law of duty
Beautifying calm and storm:
So it seem'd to me one morning,
Watching childhood ambling by,
Looking on a flower's adorning,
Gazing on a clouded sky.

So meseem'd it:—youthful paces
Flow of graceful beauty have;
Flowing growth have flower graces
Also, like the flowing wave;
Wave, wind, flower, "all a blowing;"
And we speak of youthful bloom;
Flight is flown too,—flown from flowing:
Flowing, flowering line of doom.

Blow, ye gales of vernal sweetness!
Flow, ye veins of human joy!
Flower, O life, unto completeness!
Flower-like bloom, dear girl or boy!
Stormful wind and flower belovèd,
Both are blossoms of God's breath.
Angel wings of God's Approved,
Float us o'er the flood of death!

—Household Words.

From The Spectator.

LAYCOCK ON MEDICAL OBSERVATION AND RESEARCH.*

CLINICAL study is the "finishing touch" for the young practitioner. When books, lectures, and "the subject" have taught all that he can (or will) learn, he is taken to the bedside, and there sees the difference between theory and practice; between the strongly marked symptoms, clearly defined and sharply distinguished in the written letter, and those same symptoms not quite so marked in reality as in description, and complicated by individual peculiarities, as well as confused by mere concomitants. It is on his bedside skill that the success of the young medical man will mainly depend. A person with slight scientific knowledge, who is acute in detecting or guessing at the signs of disease, prompt in treating them, and who seems to exhibit mastery in all he says and does, will better succeed in his treatment of cases than a man of extensive technical knowledge but a slow or timid cast of mind; and, what some will think more to the purpose, will better please the patient and his friends.

These lectures of Dr. Laycock, introductory to a course of clinical practice to the advanced students of the Edinburgh University, do not handle diseases or their treatment unless in a very general way, nor do they deal with particular cases. Their first object is to aid the young practitioner in his studies on the living patient. The lecturer directs how to observe the symptoms of disease, to trace these symptoms up to their direct causes, that is, the real disease, and finally to discover what is the source of that disease—as transmitted, acquired by intemperance, or other origin. The lectures, however, go further than the observation of disease with a view to the discovery of its nature, the methods of treating it, and the prognostication of its result. Dr. Laycock aims at forming the mind of the student to a more enlarged and philosophical mode of looking at life and its derangements. Besides expositions of the best methods of clinical examination, the objects to be attained, and the readiest modes of acquiring

experience in medicine, the lecturer fully warns the pupil against the various fallacies that beset his path, and lurk even in the most received terms and phrases. Travelling into a somewhat larger sphere than that of the every-day medical practitioner, Dr. Laycock discusses the numerical method of research in medicine, or in other words of statistics; shows its use, and fixes its limits. He also describes a new mode or "analogical method of research" in connection with physiology and medicine; which we think, to speak shortly, consists in tracing phenomena to their original elements, so far as we can get towards the elements of anything.

In all that relates to the practical part of the profession, Dr. Laycock appears to be a safe guide. He will be a very safe guide in the higher or more theoretical branches of his subject, if he be judiciously interpreted and not too implicitly or too literally followed. One lecture is devoted to the fallacious use of theories, and a passing exposition of the fallacies that lurk in terms; as in this example, taken, however, from a chapter on another subject.

"Take care that the foundations of your analogies be facts, and not general terms, or mere expressions of general facts. For example, pathological anatomists speak of fatty 'degeneration' or 'calcification.' The facts are, that fat, or the salts of lime, are deposited in tissues in which, under ordinary circumstances, they are not deposited. Degeneration and calcification indicate theoretically the processes by which these deposits take place. Those terms, therefore, do not express facts, only theories. 'Tuberculous,' 'inflammatory,' and all similar terms belong to this category."

In a rigorous sense the remark is true; but all arts have their vocabularia, which express results to the initiated in a much shorter form than a statement of the facts could do; all terms and indeed all words do something of the same kind: "fatty degeneration" implies to an instructed mind the facts which Dr. Laycock mentions, coupled with, we suppose, the admitted conclusion, that in consequence of the abnormal deposit the tissues have become degenerate or unhealthy. There is not the least harm—on the contrary, very much of good—in the student testing all the terms which Dr. Laycock mentions, or indeed any others, so as to see precisely the facts, conclusions, and

* *Lectures on the Principles and Methods of Medical Observation and Research, for the Use of Advanced Students and Junior Practitioners. By Thomas Laycock, M. D., &c., Professor of the Practice of Medicine, and of Clinical Medicine, in the University of Edinburgh.* Published by Black.

hypotheses they contain, but without losing sight of the received meaning they convey. Habits of investigation cannot be too much cultivated, provided they do not degenerate into the habit of cavilling. Unless the recommendations of Dr. Laycock be adopted with judgment, they may lead to a mood of mind that may be more disposed to argue than to act.

Although the lectures teem with warnings as to the difficulties of arriving at exact medical conclusions, from the complications of the vital principle and the hidden nature of the parts affected, we are not sure but that the author ranks medicine as a more exact science than we fear it yet is, whatever it may become. It was Sir William Knighton's opinion, that medicine (not surgery) had not advanced beyond what it was in the time of the Greeks. With the modern discoveries in chemistry, morbid anatomy, and the use of the microscope, this ought scarcely to be; still some of Dr. Laycock's illustrations show that in many cases it is yet so. In this reference to the Father of Medicine, the Doctor is indeed illustrating the difference between empirical observation and scientific deduction; but practically it comes much to the same thing.

"What is requisite technically for a practitioner of medicine? He may be considered from two points of view. First, as the uninstructed man, guided by an unenlightened experience. Secondly, as the taught man, guided by enlightened experience. The one knows disease and its treatment solely from having often seen similar groups of morbid phenomena or *symptoms* made to disappear by the same agent. Each symptom or group of symptoms, he designates as a disease, giving it a name, and the agent he terms *the* remedy for the disease. All he asks for is a cure for the disease—it may be a headache or a cough—without reference to the abnormal changes in structure and function upon which the abnormal phenomena depend. This is experience simply. From the earliest records of medical art to the present moment, we have abounding illustrations of this method of practice. Take as an example the Hippocratic treatment in a commencing case of pleuroneumonia. 'When pain seizes the side, either at the commencement or at a later stage, it will not be improper,' it is recorded in the works of Hippocrates, 'to try to dissolve the pain by hot applications. Of hot applications, the most powerful is hot water in a bottle, or bladder, or in a brazen vessel, or

in an earthen one; but one must first apply something soft to the side to prevent pain. A soft large sponge squeezed out of hot water, and applied, forms a good application; but it should be covered over, for thus the heat will remain in the longer,' &c. For the 2400 years which have elapsed since this was written, no more simple and at the same time equally effectual treatment of pleuritic pain has been discovered or practised; and it may be added, that to this day the *modus operandi* of the means has not been made out. Amongst the Hippocratic writings is the following as to the treatment of peri-pneumonic and pleuritic affections—'If the fever is acute, if there is pain in one side of the chest, or in both, if the patient suffers during expiration, if he coughs, if the sputa are rusty, or livid, or thin, and frothy, or blood-red, or if they differ in any way from healthy sputa, it is necessary to act as follows: The pain extending upwards towards the clavicle, or towards the nipple and the arm, the inner vein of the arm of the affected side should be opened. The quantity of blood drawn should be in proportion to the constitution of the body, the season, the age, and the color; and if the pain is acute, the bleeding should be pushed boldly to faintness.' A plan of treatment not unlike the modern. These are illustrations of the simplest form of empirical therapeutics, or therapeutics dependent upon the teachings of experience only."

In another case, when death is approaching, modern science can discover the cause of the symptoms, but cannot ward off death any better than Hippocrates.

"Medical tact may be shown in the perception of the cause or causes of a given morbid state, and of the results; in other words, of the antecedents and consequences. This knowledge was comprised by the ancients under the general term *prognosis*; by the moderns that term is limited to a perception of the event or consequences. As an illustration of empirical prognosis, I give the following from the aphorisms of Hippocrates: 'In a fever not of the intermittent type, if a lip, an eyebrow, an eye, or the nose be distorted; or if there be loss of sight or of hearing, and the patient be in a weak state—whatever of these symptoms occur, death is at hand.' Here again is a simple enumeration of phenomena in a given order, without reference to the cause or seat of the disease. The term fever comprising all its past as well as present phenomena; the symptoms specially described are the prognostic phenomena, and death, the result, is predicted as necessarily following those symptoms. To the practitioner instructed in

the physiology and pathology of the nervous system, such symptoms indicate a condition as well as a result, viz., a complication involving the base of the brain. Yet there is nothing to show that the writer of that ancient record of medical experience had such knowledge. We are sure, nevertheless, that with practised perceptive powers he must

have possessed a quick insight into the course of disease, although his prognosis be purely empirical."

The moral of all this, and of very much more, is, cultivate medical perception; which this book, judiciously used, will well enable you to do.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.—J. H. Reynolds was a man of genius, who wanted the devoted purpose and the sustaining power which are requisite to its development; and the world, its necessities and its pleasures, led him astray from literature. He was, if I mistake not, born at Shrewsbury; but his family must have soon removed to London, as he finished his education at St. Paul's School. His father was subsequently writing-master at Christ's Hospital. Reynolds had an early struggle. He was first a clerk in The Amicable Insurance Office, then articled to an attorney, and as an attorney he practised for many years, but not with much success. Eventually he accepted the office of clerk to the County Court at Newport in the Isle of Wight, and at Newport he died in 1852.

So early as 1814 he published *Safie*, an Eastern tale, dedicated to Lord Byron, who had made Eastern tales the fashion. Byron thought well of it as a work of promise, and Reynolds is kindly mentioned more than once in his published letters. Byron indeed, as appears from those letters, subsequently assumed that one of Reynold's anonymous squibs—"The Fancy," by Peter Corcoran"—was certainly written by Tom Moore; a compliment beyond suspicion of either personal feeling or flattery. *Safie* was, I think, reviewed in *The Examiner*; or rather Keats, Shelley, and Reynolds were there brought forward as the poets of especial promise; and this served, in those times of unscrupulous criticism, to fix on all the name of cockney poets, or poets of the cockney school.

Safie was followed, in 1815, by *The Eden of Imagination*—by *An Ode*, on the overthrow of Napoleon—and in 1816 by *The Naiad*. Reynolds too was "the wicked varlet" who in 1819 anticipated the genuine "Peter Bell" of Wordsworth by a spurious "*Peter Bell*," in which were exhibited and exaggerated the characteristics of Wordsworth's earlier simplicities. In 1821 *The Garden of Florence* appeared. With the exception of *Safie* these works were all published anonymously. It was neither prudent nor pleasant for a young man to come before the public with a contemptuous nick-name affixed to his publications. Times are indeed changed. We all know the rank and position which Shelley and Keats now hold.

Reynolds though full of literary energy at that time, was always hurried and uncertain.

He indeed played the old game of fast and loose between law and literature, pleasure and study. He wrote fitfully—now for the magazines, now for the newspapers—one or two articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, several for the *Retrospective Review*, and had a hand in preparing more than one of Mathew's *Monologues*, and in two or three farces. When the *London Magazine* was started under John Scott he became a regular contributor, and so continued when, after the unfortunate death of Scott, it was transferred to Taylor and Hessey. This was the only true period of his literary life. He now became associated with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, George Darley, Barry Cornwall, Thomas Hood, and others, who met regularly at the hospitable table of the publishers, and by whom his wit and brilliancy were appreciated; and he was at that time one of the most brilliant men I have ever known, though in later years failing health and failing fortune somewhat soured his temper and sharpened his tongue.

Thomas Hood married the elder sister of Reynolds, and the *Odes and Addresses* were the joint production of the brothers-in-law. I believe I am correct in stating that Reynolds wrote the *Ode to Macadam*—*To the Champion*, *Dymoke*—*To Sylvanus Urban*—*To Eliston*—and *The Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster*. To the *Address to Maria Darlington* both contributed. The greater genius and fame of Hood have overriden the memory of Reynolds; and this appropriation is the more required. Reynolds also, for some years, lent occasional assistance to the *Comic Annual*, in suggesting, finishing, and polishing, rather than in separate and substantive contributions.

Reynolds was early intimate with John Keats—was the "friend" to whom Keats addressed his *Robin Hood*; a reply or comment on a paper on *Sherwood Forest*, written by Reynolds in the *London Magazine*. Many letters addressed to Reynolds and his sisters are interwoven into Mr. Milnes' pleasant memoir of Keats.

A man some of whose whimsies Byron assumed must have been written by Tom Moore—while others were by Coleridge affiliated on Charles Lamb—who was associated in humorous publications with Tom Hood, and not unworthily, deserves a niche in "N. & Q."

—*Notes and Queries*.

T. M. T.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT MARINER'S FIRST LOVE.

SIR JOHN ROSS, the well-known navigator, is dead. He lived to be nearly eighty years of age; and within the last five months, I heard him tell the story of his first love. Thus it came about. We were wont to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, where he was always a welcome guest; came and went as he listed, and had his hammock swung in a chamber where the temperature suited him best; for he loved a cold clear atmosphere. In a word, he was the centre of as charming a household group as shall be seen any day in the great metropolis. Blooming faces shone upon him, merry songs greeted him as he took his place beside the cheery hearth in those cold evenings in spring. One bright-haired creature with rosy lips claimed him ever as her own, seated him beside her on the velvet couch, called him "her dear boy," which delighted the ancient mariner beyond all things, and at last drew from him the tale referred to.

I had been reminding him of a very old friend now dead, and of whom we had heard nothing for many years: as I spoke, a tide of early recollections swept up and filled the old man's eyes with tears. "Ah!" said he, "he was a very kind friend to me; we had been schoolmates, and then we went to sea together. After a while we parted, and I entered the royal navy; when I next saw O—, I was commander on board the ——. He was on the quay at Greenock when I sailed in, and little thought that the vessel carrying a royal pennant was commanded by Johnnie Ross. I landed and went up to him with a man who knew us both.

"O—," said the latter, "do you remember little Johnnie Ross?"

"Well," answered O—; "and a precious little scamp he was!"

"On this," observed Sir John, "we shook hands, and renewed our acquaintance, and I had reason to be glad of it; for," he repeated, "O— was very kind to me."

"Now about Margaret," said the bonny creature beside him.

"Ah! she was a noble girl! When I first knew her she was ten, and I about twelve years old. We used to walk home together from the school, and at first were

very happy; but before long the children began to watch us, and we were obliged to make signs to one another about meeting. I mind well how shamefaced we were when the others caught us making signals before breaking up; and one day the master saw us, and it was on that occasion Margaret showed such spirit and courage as made me never forget her.

"I had got out of school," he continued, after a short pause, "and was waiting for her, never heeding the children laughing at me, as I stood watching for the sight of her bonny face, for she was very fair." I can by no means describe the pathos of the old man's tone as he said this. "When I began to think she was in trouble, and 'kept in,' I hid myself till the place was clear of ither folk, and then I creepit round and keeked in at the window of a side-room where scholars in disgrace were put sometimes. Poor Margaret was indeed there, sitting upon a box, very forlorn, and crying bitterly. She brightened up at seeing my face in the window-pane, and smiled when I told her I had been waiting for her. Then I declared I would be revenged on our hard master, and went at once to the school-room to carry out my plan: this was easy, for there was no one there.

"Just over the master's desk was a shelf, on which stood a large ink-bottle, and near to this again was the hat with which the dominie always crowned himself when he assumed the seat of authority. I mounted the desk, took a piece of string from my pocket, tied the ink-jar and hat together, then, descending from my perch, left the room, and ran round again to the side-window to prepare Margaret for the result of my device. Then I ran home to dinner, and returned to school in the afternoon.

"I was late. All the children were in the room; and at the master's desk stood Margaret, with scarlet cheeks but triumphant eyes, just receiving the last blow of the leather strap on her open hand. The punishment of my mischievous revenge had been visited upon her. Streams of ink discolored the master's face; and books and desk, on which last lay the broken ink-jar, were saturated with it. The master himself was furious; and the more so that Margaret had borne the infliction like a heroine, in perfect silence, resolutely refusing to give up

the name of the delinquent, whose accomplice she was accused of being. She looked at me as she moved defiantly away, and the expression of her eye warned me not to speak. It was indeed too late. I hurried from the room before I was observed; Margaret walked proudly after me; and for the last time we took our way home together from the school."

I cannot do justice to this story as told by the old navigator. Nearly seventy years had passed away, and yet the memory of his child-love was still the green spot in his heart. The pathos, too, was enhanced by the Scottish accent, which dignified, so to speak, a little history, that finely illustrates the exquisite poem *Jeanie Morison*—

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luvie o' life's young day."

He said all this, and much more than I can do justice to. The whole picture of the twa bairns—"two bairns and but *ae* heart"—rose before me, as, blushing, frightened, and silent, they "cleekit thegither hame" after school.

"'Twas then we luvit each ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns and but *ae* heart.
* * *

"I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet—
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee hearts could think!
O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
Our cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule weans laughing said
We cleeked thegither hame!

"I saw thir twa bairns with their heads bent
o'er *ae* braid page, with one book between
them, the girl intent upon the lesson, the
boy's lesson in that fair child's eyes—

"Thy look was on thy lesson,
But—my lesson was in thee!"

I quote from memory, and have not seen the poem for years; but the whole seemed to come back to me as I listened to this simple history from the lips of the ancient mariner.

He and Margaret met but twice afterwards. He dwelt most on the first of these meetings. "I was travelling," he said, "in Scotland, when the coach stopped to take up a passenger. The moment the door opened, *I knew her at once*, but—she didna remember me;" he sighed as he said this. "Then," he continued, "I told her who I was, and reminded her of old times, thirty years before, and of that story of the ink-bottle and the beating she had got for my sake. She had almost forgotten it, but *I never had*." Margaret, the mother of a large family, is now an aged woman, and probably thought little of Johnnie Ross after parting with him in childhood; while he, literally voyaging from pole to pole, and having but a passing glimpse of her from time to time, may be said to have carried the memory of his child-love to his grave.

Among other pleasant records of my life will rest the memory of "many an ancient story," told in his eightieth year, by Sir John Ross. Some modern ones there were, too, in which pathos and bathos were exquisitely blended. There was one of the discovery at sea, by the *Isabella*, of himself and his shipmates. He had once commanded this ship, and he knew her immediately, half blind with weakness and starvation as he was; and there was another of his meeting in London with his son, who, through good report and evil report, had "never given him up." These might find a place in these pages, but that I think it would be unfair to trench upon the domain of whomsoever shall be selected as editor of the autobiography which Sir John was occupied in compiling up to the last few weeks of his eventful life.

From *The Economist*, 8 Nov.

THE EXCHANGES WITH THE EAST.

THE TRADE OF INDIA AND CHINA WITH ENGLAND
AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

THERE are some questions, so wide in their bearings, so extensive in their ramifications, so complicated and refined in their details, that it is only by long and patient investigation and discussion that their true character and extent can be appreciated and rendered so familiar as to be correctly associated with passing events. The derangement of the monetary affairs of Europe, the large influx of gold continued year after year, its scarcity nevertheless in all the great banking reserves, the continued abstraction of silver and its shipment to the East in annually increasing quantities, are all questions which to their own inherent importance is superadded the very serious consideration that the causes which are producing such results are rather of a permanent than a temporary or accidental character. No doubt much of the disorganization on the continent of Europe has been caused by the great demand for silver for the East, especially in those countries where silver is the sole standard of value, and where alone therefore it forms the final basis of all credits, including the varied obligations of bankers, both as their measure and as the medium of their discharge. The first fund that suffers when there is a foreign drain of the precious metals is necessarily the reserves which are ordinarily held by banks as a means of meeting such obligations:—a necessity hence immediately arises for bankers to curtail their accommodation on the one hand, and to convert some of their interest-bearing securities, in order to keep up their reserves, on the other hand. This leads immediately to a rise in the rate of interest and a fall in the price of securities. The effect so produced is clearly greatest in those countries where silver, being the metal in demand, is the sole legal tender, and not, as has been erroneously believed, in those where the false principle of a double standard exists. That system has many inconveniences, but at least it has not this one. Where silver is the sole legal tender, as in Holland, Hamburg, and a part of Germany, the abstraction of that metal to an inconvenient extent leaves bankers without the means of paying their obligations in the only way in which they can be paid; but where there is

a double standard, as in France, any abstraction of silver, provided it be obtained in exchange for gold, leaves bankers still as able to fulfil all their engagements as before, and the only inconvenience therefore which France can suffer from such an exchange would be to the small retail every-day trade by the withdrawal of small coin. It is not the want of silver which has placed the Bank of France in a state of peril; gold would answer every purpose of that establishment as well as silver; but it is the want of bullion, of gold and silver collectively, both being equally available for the fulfilment of its obligations. Whatever inconveniences, then, are attributable to the double standard in France, and they are many, it is not to that cause that the recent pressure in Paris can be attributed.

That the large exportation of silver to the East has had an intimate connection with the monetary derangement in Europe there can be no doubt, and especially so in the countries to which we have referred; and that the large production of gold in Australia and California has indirectly in part led to that exportation of silver, and in even a greater degree afforded facilities for it, by rendering it possible to spare so much silver in those countries which have the double standard, there can be as little doubt. But we may be certain that no question about the new production of gold, or of a double standard in certain countries, would lead to a continued export of the precious metals, either silver or gold, to India and China, if there were not a continual and increasing balance in favor of the East, due from the West; and for the obvious reason that, except by such balance in the trading transactions of the two parts of the world, India and China, the latter in particular, would have no means of paying for silver. We may, therefore, regard it as a principle which cannot be questioned, that the precious metals will not continue to flow from any country, where they are not produced, to another, unless there be an adverse balance in the trading connections of the two countries to be rectified.

At the same time nothing is more true as regards any country than that an adverse exchange cannot be permanent;—in other words, that no country can continue to import more than it exports;—or in still more homely words, that no country can buy the

productions of another beyond the extent to which its own surplus productions will pay for them. So far, then, as regards the whole trade of a country, there cannot be a permanent adverse balance;—but there may be such as regards a particular trade. Of late years there has no doubt been an enormous increase in the importations of all foreign produce—corn, cotton, coffee, sugar, silk, tea, and indeed of every article; but at the same time our aggregate exports have increased at an equal rate. The value of our exports only ten years ago barely exceeded *fifty millions*: in the present year it will nearly approach *one hundred and twenty millions*. While, however, our aggregate exports must at least be sufficient to pay for our aggregate imports; yet this rule, so applicable to our entire trade, is not applicable to our trade with each country. With regard to the trade of one country, there may be a large balance against us; with regard to that of another, there may be a large balance in our favor,—the latter being rendered available for discharging the former through the medium of bills of exchange, negotiated in the great centres of the money transactions of the world. We wish to show in what way these adjustments through the foreign exchanges are now operating upon the trade of China and the East, and especially with reference to the gold-producing countries, and the consequences which they are necessarily producing in respect to the distribution of the precious metals.

In a former article we showed by reference to the statistics of the trade of this country, of India and China, that a large balance, increasing annually, existed against Europe. For example, in 1855, while the official value of our exports to China was only £1,300,000, the official value of our imports was £8,746,000; again, the official value of our exports to India in 1855 was £10,353,000, while the official value of our imports was £12,668,000, and while large sums were transmitted in order to construct the railways undertaken chiefly with British capital, but which were perhaps more than balanced by the remittances for the home expenditure of the East India Company. So far as regarded the trade of China, our exports had been stationary for many years, while the exports of tea from China to this country had increased from

47,000,000 lbs. to 91,000,000 lbs., and of silk from 17,000 bales to 50,000 bales.

We also referred in the same article to the large increase in the exports of tea from China to the United States, all of which were paid for by means of bills drawn upon London against credits established in this country for the cotton, rice, tobacco, gold, and other articles of American produce sent to this market. The tea exported from China to the United States in 1849 was 18,000,000 lbs; in the year ending June, 1856, it was 40,000,000 lbs. But in addition to this large item of trade to be provided for in the exchange operations between China and India and England, there is another branch of business which of late has been increasing very much, without any corresponding or adequate increase of exports from Europe to meet it—we allude to the large exports from India, China, Ceylon, and Singapore, of indigo, seeds, rice, oil, coffee, and tea, shipped direct to France and Germany, over and above the exports to Great Britain, but all of which are paid for by drafts upon London, or at least which equally affect the exchanges. Again, there are large shipments from China direct to California and the West Coast of America, which are paid for by the credits obtained in this country on account of the gold imported from that quarter. And lastly, there is a striking example of the operations which we are describing in the trade of Australia.

To the five Australian colonies the official value of all our exports in 1855 was £6,945,000. The official value of the produce, other than gold, chiefly of wool imported, was £4,500,000; but besides that produce, the quantity of gold exported from Victoria and New South Wales was of the value of £11,500,000, making the entire value of the bullion and other produce imported £16,000,000. Now, if we even allow a large profit upon our exports, and a liberal margin for freight and expenses, still the balance due to Australia could not upon the transactions of the year as between those colonies and this country be much less than £7,000,000. But then, let it be observed, that while nearly the whole of the produce of Australia, including the gold, comes to this country, a large portion of the articles necessary for the consumption of the colonies is imported from other countries; and amongst other things,

very large quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, and rice are imported from China, India, Ceylon, and other contiguous markets, and are paid for by bills drawn upon London against the balance which we have seen is established in London in favor of Australia by the large shipments of gold. In point of fact, the gold sent direct from Melbourne to London has to provide not only for the British manufactures required in Victoria, but also for the tea, sugar, rice, flour, and other articles imported from other countries. Thus, then, altogether independent of the direct trade between this country and the East, London has to sustain and provide for the payment, —1. of the tea and other articles shipped from China to the United States; 2. for the exports of tea, indigo, oil, seeds, rice, etc., direct to the continent of Europe from China, India, and other contiguous places; and 3. for the shipments of tea, sugar, and coffee from those regions to Australia;—as a means of paying in part for the various articles imported from those countries to this.

Why the exports from this and other countries have not increased to India, and especially to China, in the same proportion as to other producing countries, and so as to bear some closer relation to the increase of imports therefrom, we will not stop now to inquire; but that they have not done so is certain. In 1852 the value of the exports of British manufactures to China was rather over £2,000,000; in 1855 it was barely £1,300,000. And besides those from England, the imports into China are confined chiefly to opium and cotton from India and rice from the Straits. It is, therefore, certain that, taking the trades of China and India together, there is a large excess of exports over imports which must be adjusted in some way. Now let us for a moment consider what the effect of this large balance is upon the exchanges, and then we will understand in what manner the shipment of silver becomes a necessary consequence. The amount of bills to be drawn in China upon London—first, for the greatly extended direct exports of tea and silk; next, for the tea and other exports to the United States; then for the exports to Continental Europe; and lastly, for the large exports to Australia—is so great, that after providing means of remitting for the opium and cotton of India, and for the manufactures exported from this country,

there is still a very large margin of amount remaining to be disposed of. The result is, that the exchange rises against this country until in Canton the price of the dollar is *five shillings* or more; in Shanghai it is *seven shillings and sixpence*, but that is for the favored Carolus dollar only, and is not a correct criterion. Well, the rate at which bills on England from their abundance are saleable is so disadvantageous, that it becomes profitable to transmit silver from this country, either as the direct means of payment for the exports from China, or as an exchange operation, to purchase the bills drawn upon London and offered for sale in China. The ordinary value of dollars in this country is about 4s. 2d. each: taking the exchange at Canton at 5s. or even 4s. 10d. the dollar, there is abundance of inducement to ship silver for the profit which attaches to it as a mere exchange transaction. A merchant purchases dollars in the home market at the rate of 4s. 2d. or 4s. 3d. each; with expenses they may cost him in China 4s. 6d. or a little more; but with them he can purchase bills drawn upon England at the rate of 5s. each, which even after deducting the interest upon the bills, leaves a large exchange profit. The only causes which can mitigate this demand for silver are—1. A diminished quantity of exports from China, which is not probable: on the contrary, they are rather likely to increase, not only on account of the great reduction in the tea duty which will shortly take place, but also in consequence of the growing demand in the other markets supplied by our intervention. 2. An increased import of other commodities from foreign countries, which in the present state of China is not likely to take place. Thus it is just in proportion as imports of silver into India and China are large enough to absorb the margin of bills in the market not required for the import trade, that the motive for sending it becomes greater or less. Let there be a cessation or a great reduction in the exports of silver, the effect will be a further rise in the exchange, a larger profit upon silver, and a repetition of the shipments at a greater rate, and even though at a higher price than before; the only effect of which would be, that the tea and silk of China and the produce of India would cost a little more when converted into sterling money, unless the rise in the exchange should be compen-

sated by a fall in the price on the spot. What is to limit this absorption of silver, no one can at present pretend to say. To what extent will *three hundred millions* of people, in a state of chronic civil wars and insurrection, which does not however appear to interfere with their means of production, hoard silver, it is impossible to say. How far India, with a population little less than two hundred millions, advancing in productive industry every year, but of habits so simple and inexpensive that their wants are chiefly supplied at home, will continue to accumulate wealth and absorb silver, is a speculation which it is impossible to solve. India, and especially China, are beyond the influence of those banking operations which in Europe settle all these difficulties. Here, when wealth accumulates in private hands, it is invested in public securities bearing interest, and thus the precious metals, which under similar circumstances would be hoarded in the East, are in Europe set free for active service in commerce.

But all this teaches us how impossible it is, even were it desirable, to retain the gold which is so largely imported in this country. If gold were in demand in the East, a great portion of that which now comes to this country would go direct to China and India both from Australia and North America. Gold, however, is not in demand, but silver is, and the latter only can be used to correct the exchanges. That portion of our imported gold, then, is sent here, indirectly for the purpose of being converted into silver for the East, in order to satisfy the claims of China and India upon Australia and America. The enormous stock of silver which existed in France has been exchanged to a great extent for gold, and has assisted materially in the operation described. All the silver from the mines, except that required for manufacturing purposes, has been taken for the same purpose. Wherever in any part of Europe a spare stock of silver was found, it has been absorbed:—in every case where it has been practicable to substitute gold for silver it has been done. If, however, this state of things is to continue—and at present there is no reason why it should not—if gold is continued to be imported in such large quantities, and the demand for silver for the East remains as great, it is obvious that a very considerable change must ere long take place in the rela-

tive value of the two metals. Hitherto the large supplies furnished by the change of the silver standard into a gold one in the United States, and the gradual displacement of silver by gold in France and in other parts of Europe, have aided the supplies of silver from the mines, in order to furnish the monthly shipments to the East, amounting to about *one million sterling*. Those extra sources are, however, rapidly being exhausted, and before long the demand for the East must depend almost solely upon the importations from the mines. These may be somewhat stimulated by the high price; but unless a great change should take place in the demand, the production will be inadequate to meet it, a considerable increase of price must necessarily follow, and great difficulties may be experienced, not only in our trade with the East, but likewise by those European countries who still adhere solely to a silver standard

From The Economist, 18 Oct.

TELEGRAPHS AND PROGRESS.—THE CAUSE.

AMONGST the striking events of the time are many testimonies to the general progress. Last week the Congress at Brussels was referred to as exemplifying the advance towards the establishment of free trade, and of one rule and one measure, both in politics and in civil life, throughout the civilized world. This week we have to notice that the actual accomplishment of a great work of this kind has been celebrated in the metropolis. Professor Morse, an American gentleman, the author of a system of telegraphic communication in use in every part of the United States, and according to the chairman of the party, Mr. Cooke, the best and the simplest system yet invented for certain countries, was honored by a public entertainment. His system extends into Canada, and has been introduced throughout Europe. By it Newfoundland is to be connected with the United States and is to be connected with Ireland. It will then be diffused alike over Europe and America, connecting both.

The telegraph has come rapidly into use commercially—telegraphic communication of a rude kind for political purposes is an old contrivance in conjunction with railways. When it became possible to transmit goods and passengers more swiftly than the wind

blows, it became indispensable to have a still more rapid means to announce their coming. Heralds, messengers, letters, or even portents have in all ages of the world prepared men for the arrival of events as well as merchandise. The previous discoveries of Volta, Galvani, Davy, Oersted, Faraday, and others, prepared the way for Wheatstone, Morse, Cook, Brett, and other skilful magnetic or galvanic electricians, and the lightning flash was by their labors organized into a universal herald, at every man's command, who travels far swifter than the locomotive. The electric circuit, which may be carried round the globe, seems independent of space and time; and the produce of a noble art, like the imponderable power from which it derives its name, suggests a new philosophy. Telegraphs and railroads united, the products of ages of observation and continually advancing skill, are now common to all the civilized world, and where not yet introduced, men of all classes are desirous to have them. Sovereigns are even entering into eager competition like traders, and are exposing their countries to disasters from their too eager desire to possess them. The dinner given to Professor Morse, therefore, was in the world's history the celebration of the union of all the families of man under the dominion of one science and one art, made visible in steam locomotives and electric wires.

No nation is shut out from this union, and there seems no chance, as there is no dread, of its being dissolved. Dr. O'Shaughnessy is bringing within it the whole of India, and General Chesney and his associates are extending it through Turkey to Persia, though in this direction there is apparently a chance of its being delayed by a ridiculous political contest with Persia. In another direction it is welcomed, and the Czar is profiting by the restored peace to bring all his wide dominions under the common rule. He is seconded by his subjects. His boyards transformed into nobles, and his bankers a part of the moneyed system of Europe, cannot escape the contagious influence of a successful example—more enthralling than any witches' charm—and they are now more ready to adopt the arts of America and England than they were the fashions of the French Court in the last century. Even the Mujiks are infected. A certain Basil Kokoreff, whose name must be mentioned with honor—formerly a peasant,

now a wealthy merchant of Moscow, and still possibly a serf—at a dinner given by him to the deputation of peasants and merchants on the occasion of the Czar's coronation, made a speech which is an example to be quoted and remembered. It has been happily published and noticed in all the daily journals, the publication being a proof of the union of the nations under one rule, so that for us it is only necessary to say that Basil Kokoreff advocates eloquently, but with moderation, free trade and free exchange of thought, and encourages his countrymen to imitate, if not to rival, Paris and London in all the facilities of commerce. "It will then happen," he concluded, "that we shall see here in Moscow, the centre of the internal commerce of Russia, as well as in the other cities and ports of the empire, representatives of the principal commercial houses of Europe. We shall then be able to learn every day here in Moscow, and at a fixed hour, the progress of business in Paris, London, and other places, and be able, when we are assembled as now, with the glass in our hands, to learn by telegraph the health of our children who may be placed in foreign countries in Russian houses of commerce. When I review in mind all the pregnant consequences which must infallibly result to nations from their union, by means of commerce—a union based on common interests—I cannot refrain from proposing to you, gentlemen, to drink at once and unanimously the following toast, 'To European commerce, to foreign merchants, our elder brethren in industry, and to my honorable colleagues the merchants of Russia.'" So that the rail and the telegraph are reducing Russia, so lately at war with us, under the one rule, and making her as intimately a part of the great commercial system as are England and the United States.

Willinghood is a word lately brought into use to express the efficacy of the exertions which spring from inclination. It is as applicable in politics as in church matters, to which it is generally limited, and the willinghood of sovereigns and people to imitate and adopt what is useful and good, produces effects that, in comparison with the past, are truly wonderful. About twenty centuries elapsed from the time when the Romans first drove their roads from the imperial city to the extremities of Italy and "furthest Gaul" to the time, less than a century ago, when

the market gardeners in the neighborhood of London petitioned against the extension of turnpike roads as injurious to them. Only a few years before, and very little more than a century ago, it was thought a great stroke of policy and a great achievement of art for our Government to form a road through the Highlands of Scotland. For Great Britain to reach the point that Rome had reached required more than twenty centuries. But not twenty centuries—not one century—scarcely twenty years have now elapsed since railroads, with their accompanying telegraphs, were first successfully tried, and already the leaders of railway and telegraphic enterprise have carried them, and been invited to carry them, into every part of the civilized world. Such is the effect of willingness. So powerful is example. Never was conquest so rapid. Never was a new dominion so swiftly and widely spread. Never were so many traitors to an old rule and an old dominion. To build up the empire of Russia in its isolated political form required we know not how many centuries; to break through the isolation and overturn all the policy of many generations of Czars—he and his subjects being alike willing instruments to effect it—a few years have been sufficient. The rapidity of social changes and improvements in modern times, compared to the slow progress in antiquity, is quite as wonderful as the instruments of modern art.

And now what is the active cause of the present rapidity of change? Hear Professor Morse. The passage is altogether too important for us to paraphrase or abridge it:

“Who that is versed in the history of inventions or discoveries has not observed and been struck with a singular coincidence, a simultaneity of invention or discovery in many minds far separated from each other, with no possible—at least, with no traceable—knowledge of each other's thoughts or acts? Is there nothing significant in such a fact as this? I am sure I may venture before a Christian British audience to suggest as its proper solution that the Great Author of all good, the Giver of every great gift to the world, intends when such a boon is bestowed that He first and prominently shall be recognized as the Author; and so, in His wisdom, He first prepares the way—He eliminates from hundreds of minds in various parts of His creation the minor inventions and lesser discoveries necessary to be made before the greater and more striking in-

vention is brought forth, and then it is that the same thought struck out at the same time, or at least so near the same time that all perceive the impossibility of any intercommunication, leads one to exclaim as by an irresistible impulse, ‘What hath God wrought?’ And this impulse of the heart is true. So, too, when the historian has made his search, and brought together the facts, if any one connected with a great invention or discovery has attracted to himself the more concentrated regard or honor of mankind, or of a particular nation, how significant it is that time and more research bring out other minds, and other names, to divide and share with him the hitherto exclusive honors? And who shall say that is not eminently just? Did Columbus first discover America; or does Cabot, or some more ancient adventurous Northman dispute the honor with him? Is Guttenberg, or Faustus, or Caxton, the undisputed discoverer of the art of printing? Does Watt alone connect his name with the invention of the steam engine, or Fulton with steam navigation? Did the French or the American explorers first discover the antarctic continent? Or did Neptune in the planetary world first reveal himself to Adams or Le Verrier? And why is this the usual course of discovery and invention? There is a lesson (and a consoling one, too) to be learned from this voice of history. Man is but an instrument of good, if he will fulfil his mission; he that uses the instrument ought to have the chief honor, and he thus indicates his purpose to have it. It is surely sufficient honor for any man that he be a co-laborer in any secondary capacity to which he may be appointed by such a head in a great benefaction to the world. You will not deem these remarks of too serious a character for this occasion. I confess to you I could not enjoy your hospitality without acknowledging, under this more elevated view of the origin of the telegraph, the secondary and subordinate position in which I feel it to be quite honor enough to be employed.”

The speedy progress at present, then, is the result of steps previously taken. The way has been prepared. By what or by whom we will not stop to inquire, further than to say that time and the multiplication of the species are the principal agents. People, sparsely scattered, so far as we know, over the different parts of the world at the time of the Romans, are now somewhat densely crowded in almost every land. Between them all some kind of communication, and in most cases a very considerable communication—commercial, scientific, and literary—has

been established. In spite of the impediments of different tongues, the press, through the intermediation of those who know more than one tongue—the Morses and Wheatstones of their art, if not equally honored—had carried its wires from nation to nation, and flashed similar sentiments and similar knowledge, that, like electricity, are independent of time and space, through the bosoms and brains of all. The countrymen of Oersted and Berzelius and Liebig are as ready to appreciate and adopt the discoveries and arts of Morse and Wheatstone as the countrymen of Franklin, Faraday, and Arago. Everywhere, therefore, the mind of society was prepared to profit by the inventions, it appreciated their value at once, it comprehended them, and required no coercion to drive it to admire and adopt them. Willinghood was born of knowledge, and its wonderful effects in twenty years are to be traced in every land of Europe. Knowledge, bringing forth other and similar fruits, will not stop, and cannot be stopped; and we can safely predict, without claiming for ourselves any second-sight, that the successful example of England as to free trade, carried further as it must be here, will be as contagious as the successful example of railways and telegraphs. Ere long free trade must be the one universal rule of commercial policy, if it be not the extinction of all commercial policy. Free commerce of all kinds is a necessary consequence in the system of which railroads and telegraphs are parts.

From *The Spectator*, 8 Nov.

FRANCE IN RUSSIA.

If it should prove true that the contract for the Russian Railways has been granted to French concessionaries, the fact is one of the most formidable that we could have learned. It is nearly the most dangerous event that could have happened for the immediate financial future of France and of Europe, and it throws some risk upon the alliance of France with this country.

We make these statements in the full consciousness that the scheme in its present aspect is not likely to be carried out. But those considerations which would obstruct the scheme at its outset, if it had been granted to English or Dutch concessionaries, do not preclude the dangers that lurk in the grant to French speculators. Russia can scarcely command forty millions sterling,

or any large part thereof, in the Dutch market. Her position is not yet so settled as materially to have altered since she attempted to raise a loan in that market and could only obtain the money by instalments at a price greatly below par. In London, shares in the Russian scheme would never float. The dangers of the project, therefore, would in those markets be shut out by its impracticability.

We are quite aware that Russia has maintained her character in the money-market of Europe by a punctual payment of her dividends, and she has all the credit derivable from that fact. But her capacity for future payments must depend upon the accruing of revenue, and therefore upon her political position. Without laying too much stress upon the occurrence, and not forgetting that the creditors were afterwards remunerated, we cannot overlook the fact that during the years 1813-'14-'15 payment of the dividend on foreign debts was suspended; and since that time her position has become even more unsound. It is not that her debt is large—both England and France owe much more considerable debts; but it is the entanglement of the Executive in guarantees of various joint-stock bodies which deal in loans and advances; coupled with the circumstance that the security on which the official guarantee for prompt payment rests is in many cases capital locked up in land or other investments. At a period of crisis these obligations could not fail to tell on the resources of the Government. Nor has Russia always been straightforward and above board in her financial projects. The Four-and-a-half per Cent loan in 1850 was ostensibly required to meet the completion of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow—capital £5,500,000; but it was generally understood that the real object was to meet the large outlay occasioned by the war in Hungary. We know that Russian stock has always borne a high quotation in London, and even during the last war that was so. It is true that there are few transactions in Russian stock; but there were dealings in 1855, and even in 1856: on the 3d of January the quoted price of the Five per Cents was 97; our own Consols were just then ranging above 86; and it is inconceivable that the credit of Russia could so nearly have approached to the credit of England. Indeed, the new Five per Cent

loan which Russia attempted to raise, with peculiarly attractive terms, had been done at 82, if portions were not covertly taken much lower, to say nothing of the commission for Messrs. Stieglitz. The facts, then, can only be accounted for on the supposition that the sale of stock in London was but nominal: it was in fact a little drama performed for the benefit of Russian credit in Holland, and a statement to that effect was publicly made at the time. More recently, we saw the fulfilment of the Emperor Alexander's project to introduce commercial railways into Russia. The nobles were delighted; the mercantile community of Europe applauded. In order to encourage investment, the contract was offered in the market by the Russian Government with a guaranteed dividend of four per cent, at a price which made it equivalent to five per cent; but afterwards the Government departed from the understanding, and claimed a price which reduced the interest, and left the directors in a false position, the jest, or the suspicion, of their constituents. Some said that the Emperor did not really care about the commercial railway, and the conduct of his Government certainly sanctioned that suspicion. As we have already said, if the lines now proposed are intended for military purposes, they cannot possibly "pay," and from the description it is not likely that they can be intended for commercial purposes. On the whole, there is an aspect of indirectness in the proposal which will be more fatal to its estimation than the obviously disadvantageous terms.

English capital, and we believe Dutch capital, will be refused for any such scheme as that which is before us; but both perhaps might be obtained by that which is known in commerce as "the triangular system;" and the reason why we say that the scheme is formidable to the financial future of Europe is, that there are no agents so well capable of managing that triangular trick as the French concessionaries, at the head of whom is M. Isaac Pereire. There is no machinery in the world so well adapted to that purpose as the Société de Crédit Mobilier; and if the society is not ostensibly engaged in the business, its founders are engaged, its connections are engaged, and all the resources which it can command will be at the service of the actual concessionaries. N. Pereire, the father of the Crédit Mobilier, is reputed

to have peculiar notions as to the power to be obtained by the association of capital. The society has a capital of £2,400,000: but it can receive property to ten times that amount, and on the strength of its deposits can incur debts to an equivalent amount; thus commanding moveable capital to the extent of £50,000,000. There are several other societies in Paris on a similar pattern; and among the "administrators" of those societies are many eminent men. We do not find exactly the same persons in each office, but we do find that some individuals of one directory are in another directory or in several, and this kind of personal link extends very widely—perhaps comprises the whole *dramatis personæ* of joint-stock adventure in Paris. At the head of the chief society is M. Isaac Pereire; and among its administrators are M. Benoist Fould and the Count de Morny. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of capital which this distributed *dramatis personæ* can command.

If we were to sum up the whole of the professed undertakings of all the companies, we should grossly exaggerate the mass of money which it can dispose of; but in one way or another it can, no doubt, "raise the wind" to an immense amount; and it can shift its capital from one part of the commercial world to another, with a facility almost unknown to commerce, certainly unknown to London even by favor of the machinery of a house like Overend, Gurney, and Co. But the rôle of the Paris *dramatis personæ* is connected with other countries; for instance, with the Great Northern Railway of France, amongst whose administrators is Emile Pereire, also as another director of the Crédit Mobilier, the Duke de Galliera, with James de Rothschild, Nathaniel Rothschild, Anthony de Rothschild, and Thomas Baring. And we find the same kind of interweaving between the directors of other credit societies with other railway companies and of those railway companies with London. The man, then, who is purchasing shares in a railway company, may be transmitting his capital to an agency in the closest connection with this socialism of capital, and filling up that reservoir from which the leaders of the Crédit Mobilier will derive the supplies for the Russian railways. However commercial prudence might dictate the refusal of investment in Russian lines—however national policy might

dictate to England the refusal of funds which Russia might use again in war, as she used the Moscow and Petersburg capital to pay for her Hungarian soldiering—the two concessionaries to whom the contract is said to have been specially granted can defeat our precautions to such an extent, that the only mode of withholding capital from Russia would be to withhold it from every project connected by this organization with the socialism of capitals in France.

One man in France must perfectly understand the bearing of these facts; and he is said to have set himself against the attempt of the *Crédit Mobilier* to embark in the Russian speculation; we see with what success. The position of his Ministers is a topic of general comment and inquiry; so much so that it has been thought necessary in Paris to put forth an explanation of Count de Morny's position and protracted residence in Russia. It is said that he is negotiating a treaty of commerce between France and Russia. Very likely. But such an explanation will as little silence the inquirers, or silence very different explanations, as the absurd warning in the *Moniteur* would silence the English comments on Count Walewski's Anti-English and Anti-Napoleonic policy. The public facts are stronger than the explanations. By the light of those facts we can see through what would otherwise be inexplicable—the systematic attempt in Paris to alienate France from the English alliance, and to plunge her more deeply into that joint-stock alliance with Russia which is so hazardous, and indeed is so counter to the known opinion of the Emperor. Why then has he not prevented it? Some have affirmed that he did not really differ from his Ministers, but was sharing at once their policy and

their speculations. This interpretation we did not believe: it was inconsistent alike with the most sagacious policy for Napoleon himself, and with the common belief which is gradually extending in France, that he is making no secret purse against the future, but is entirely identifying his future with that of France. Another conjectural explanation is, that, without yielding his more far-sighted policy, the Emperor is allowing his Ministers a given time to make their fortunes, and that he will then interpose. This would be quite consistent with his usual consideration for those who have served him, and with his habit of letting others have their way for a time. But there is a contingency which would account for Napoleon's even risking a more complete frustration of his own conviction and will, and giving up his mistrust of extended "*crédit mobilier*" schemes, even, if it must be so, to the detriment of the English alliance. He has not yet obtained a firm and ascertained hold of the French people; he has not yet proved that he can do without those who have assisted him to attain, and to maintain, his lofty position; and he may not yet feel that he is powerful enough to resist the mania for a joint-stock alliance with Russia. He must refuse his approval of schemes so inconsistent alike with his own policy, with the safety of France, and, therefore, of the French Emperor; he must burn to reduce to reason the Walewskis and De Mornys who are prostituting his empire to their stockjobbing alliances: the protest in the *Moniteur* shows that he will repel overt attacks on his political course; but the events show that the schemers are too strong for him at present. Powerful as he may be, firm, and bold, he may well hesitate before braving a revolt of the *Prætorian Guard*.

PAPER FROM HOP STALKS.—The use of the hop plant in the manufacture of paper is now proposed. Immediately after being cut, the stalk or vine is to be tied up in bundles, if possible the whole length of the plant, and these bundles are immersed in water pits, similar to those employed in operating on flax and hemp, or in a running stream, and are kept there until a slight fermentation ensues, sufficient to partially detach the fibre from the pithy and woody portions of the stalk. The separation may be

effected by hand, or by passing the stalk between rollers with or without teeth, the woody or pithy matter being picked out or washed out afterward. After separation, the fibre may be again steamed, and rolled, if required to be very fine, but care is necessary to keep the fibre wet until it is cleaned from gummy and resinous matters, by repeated steaming and washing. The fibre will now be in the condition of half stuff, and fit, after further bleaching, for the manufacture of paper, pasteboard, &c.

From The Spectator, 8 Nov.

DEER-STALKING AND ANTI-DEER-STALKING.

THE annual invasion of Scotland has been again attempted this year, with the annual defence of that unconquered kingdom. We do not mean the invasion by the Saxon with gun in hand after bird or deer, but the invasion of the Press, with its attacks upon the rights of landlords, its protest against deer-stalking, and against the conversion of large parts of Scotland into deer-stalking tracts. One temperate journal denounces the artificial construction of woods and wilds as "cruel injustice." "Moderation and temperance" is the maxim in deer-stalking as well as in other recreations. "The Highland cottier," says the same writer, who displays some technical knowledge of the subject, "cannot with justice be considered as tenants at will, or tenants under a lease;" they are the representatives of those warlike retainers whom Highland chiefs multiplied on their lands, the humble feudal tenants of ruder days. This is true in a purely scientific point of view, but it is a fiction in the present day. If the Highlanders are military tenants, where is their military service? They would laugh at the idea of summoning them by ban, and would unquestionably expect the ordinary soldier's pay if they were led off to the wars. Highland retainers have not scrupled to emigrate when their own interests have carried them away. Even if there is some sentiment in the matter, it is impossible to enforce a sentiment; and, as our contemporary admits, the legal decisions of a century have completely overruled the theoretical notion of a feudal tenantry with a right in the soil. In fact, the tenure in Scotland is as completely altered as the tenure in England. The landlords have acquired a quasi-allodial title in the soil; gradually disusing their military service to the Sovereign, but retaining all the command over the land the title of which theoretically vests in the Sovereign. Now it is a bad position to rest any popular claim upon anything but a recognized law, or a usage which is the inchoate form of law. If the usage has departed, no popular claim can be rested upon it; if a law is established, it can only be upset by the force of a new usage. Simple sentiment is the weakest of all claims, especially when it is an antiquarian sentiment.

Of course the landlord does hold his property "subject to the moral obligation that it shall not be applied to purposes which are positively injurious to the general community." The obligation is enforced by the fact, that if the use of the property turns out to be positively injurious to the general community, the general community steps in, by its legislature or government, and compels the landlord to act differently. But we have yet to learn that the extensions of deer-stalking tracts or sheep-farms are "injurious to the general community." At present the general community is redistributing itself, and is concentrating its numbers in great towns. The natural correlative of that concentration is the formation of a freer country at the outskirts; and it is the dwellers in the great towns, possessing the means of locomotion, who give rise to the demand for cleared lands.

The one paramount law at present on this matter is the law of supply and demand. If the landlords find that they can obtain better rents by the use of their land as forests or sheep-walks, it is evident that *that* use of the land is most in conformity with the wants of the general community. If the land were wanted for corn purposes, a better rent would be obtained. If the cottiers really wanted it for farming purposes, the rent to them would be higher. The fact is, that the Highlanders are not wanted in those parts; and they have by this time discovered that there is a better market for their hands in the towns, or in Canada. The "depopulation" cry is a cant, or a mistake: the *Scotsman*, as we remember, showed by elaborate tables of figures that the complaint is untrue; but, undoubtedly, many families, who barely subsisted in the sterile lands of the North, have settled themselves down at a distance in greatly increased comfort. If farm laborers are wanted, it is not in the wilds of Scotland. If a man is in search of land for farming, he does not go to the hills of Perthshire, but to the Carse of Stirling. There is no complaint that the landlords are depopulating the red lands of Stirling; but what prevents them? It is, that better rents are obtained for corn-culture on the broad expanse viewed from the Castle-hill than could be obtained by attempting to convert the spot into a deer-stalking tract. Such a waste of property in that place would be as mad as it would be to plough Ben

Lomond. The interests of the "general community" apply their irresistible law, through the interest of the individual, compelling the population to redistribute itself at the dictate of commerce. Our towns are too densely peopled; it is desirable to relieve them by returning the people upon the land; and we believe that this will be done—but how! It will be by that improvement in agriculture, as a business, which is raising it to the level of a manufacture. But would Mr. Meelli or the Duke of Bedford think of

retrieving the wilds around Balmoral or the sheep-walks of Sutherland? No, they leave those tracts to the purposes for which they are best suited, and first try their bold hands at redeeming the Essex fens or the Bedford level. Indeed, agriculture, like commerce and manufactures, must concentrate before it expands; and it will be no injury to "the general community" if the field-manufacture should leave some broader tracts of free land for the healthful sports of all classes.

WE have not seen a little book entitled *Autumn Leaves*, by J. C. Prince, but we have seen in the columns of a contemporary a few verses quoted from it, with this statement, which forms its preface:

"The author of the following miscellaneous poems has nothing to say in their favor. They have been published in the hope that they may afford him some means of gaining a humble livelihood. His own trade, that of reed-making, always uncertain and fluctuating, has latterly been much depressed, and is not at all to be depended on. These are his chief motives for publication. The author hopes that the critics will, in consideration of these circumstances, be indulgent to his very imperfect effusions."

The stanzas we have seen are good enough to make us wish that the poor reed-maker may with his own "pastoral reed" win of the world more than he can earn by his mere work-a-day manner of dealing with the grass that has so long been sacred to the muses. One of the stanzas runs as follows:

"How beautiful is nature, and how kind

In every season, every mood and dress,
To him who woos her with an earnest mind,
Quick to perceive and love her loveliness.

With what a delicate, yet mighty stress,
She stills the stormy passions of the soul,
Subdues their tossings with a sweet control,

Till each spent wave grows gradually less,
And settles into calm! The worldling may
Disdain her, but to me, whate'er the grief,
Whate'er the anger, lingering in my breast,

Or pain of baffled hope,—she brings relief;
Scares the wild harpy-brood of cares away,
And to my troubled heart serenely whispers
'Rest.'

Nature has done her part, but man also can do something towards bringing about the more perfect fulfilment of the last two lines in that tranquil strain of verse.—*Examiner*.

SOME people's religious opinion is only a stake driven in the ground; does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just there, and just so.—*Foster*.

CAMELS FOR THE UNITED STATES.—A letter from Constantinople to the Journal of Commerce of October 7th says:

"The storeship Supply has again come out in the Mediterranean for a cargo of camels, and is daily expected at Smyrna, where Mr. Heap is now engaged selecting the best kind for transportation to Texas. The Ottoman Government has sent an order to the Governor-General of Smyrna to see that every assistance be given to Mr. Heap in carrying out the project of his Government, and I hear that he will probably make a visit into the interior of Asia Minor, in pursuance of his instructions. The Sultan has ordered the Governor-General of Smyrna to give Mr. Heap six of the finest camels of the country for his Government, in the view of evincing the interest which he takes in the successful introduction of camels into the United States."

GLASS JOURNAL BOXES.—The glass journal-box invented by Mr. Campbell, of Columbus, Ohio, is said to be so constructed as to obviate the objections which have hitherto existed against their use. The inventor, in manufacturing these boxes, first takes an ordinary iron journal-box, and heats it to a temperature indicated by a cherry redness, and then, while hot, brightens the concave surface of the iron, in which molten glass is to be poured. After the iron part has thus been prepared, the molten glass is then poured into the concave brightened surface, while the iron is at the above indication of temperature, when both cool, and unite in doing so. This is then placed in an oven, until thoroughly annealed, when it is removed, and the glass and iron are found to be so closely united that a heavy blow upon the glass will not produce a fracture, so perfect is the combination. The glass is then chipped and polished, when it is ready for use.

A Philadelphia painter has introduced a new and unique style of sign painting, which is described as a valuable improvement upon that art. The lettering and figures are done with pearl upon glass, and they are as richly ornamented as the fancy of the operator and the combination of colors can make them.